The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* July *will be noticed in the* August *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th August, *in the* September *number.*

Special Notice.—*Vol. I. of* The Bookman *is now ready, price* 4*s., handsomely bound. As only a few copies are available, early application is necessary. The publishers reserve the right of raising the price. Cases for binding, price* 1*s., can also be had.*

NEWS NOTES.

We have much pleasure in announcing that an addition will be made, probably at the end of this year, to the number of the great American magazines. The new periodical will be published under the auspices of Mr. S. S. McLure, well known as the head of the famous American literary agency, and will probably bear his name. The magazine will be conducted on lines of its own, and will be remarkable for the brilliancy and novelty of many of its features. It will be in every respect fit to rank with *Harper*, the *Century*, and *Scribner*, and will, we fully anticipate, reach a success as great as theirs.

At last we are to have a real addition to our knowledge of the Brontës. It is hardly too much to say that every book on the subject since Mrs. Gaskell's has been little more than a certificate of the excellence of that admirable biography. Details and fragments have been used which Mrs. Gaskell wisely rejected; and new interpretations, nearly always false, have been given of incidents already known. In only one judgment did Mrs. Gaskell seriously err, and nothing of material importance has been added to her facts.

The Rev. Dr. Wright, of the Bible Society, author of 'The Empire of the Hittites,' has prepared a book on 'The Brontës in Ireland.' He has struck a vein of treasure quite unknown to Mrs. Gaskell, and even to the most intimate friends of the Brontës. As is well known, Mr. Brontë was a native of Ireland. (The story of Mr. Birrell, repeated by Mr. Leslie Stephen in the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' that his real name was Prunty, has no foundation.) It is also well known that he left relatives there. What is not known is that the Brontës kept up constant and affectionate communications with their Irish relatives, and that the latter took the warmest interest and pride in Charlotte Brontë's literary success.

Dr. Wright has some remarkable illustrations of this. He has secured the copies of the novels sent over to Ireland by Mr. Brontë—one of which, 'Jane Eyre,' has a long inscription by himself of the deepest interest. Very graphic is his account of the reception of the *Quarterly Review* article in which the authoress of 'Jane Eyre' is described as a "person who for some sufficient reason has long forfeited the society of her sex." It was decided that such an affront could only be wiped out in blood, and an uncle of Miss Brontë's set out for Haworth and London in order to carry out this decree. His adventures make a stirring chapter. Dr. Wright's remarks on the authorship of the article are peculiarly notable.

But the profound interest of the book lies in the recital of the story of the Brontë family through several generations. The traditions have been collected with scrupulous care, and woven into a narrative which, apart from its connection with the Brontës, makes a romance of absorbing fascination. But it is more. Dr. Wright shows, in our opinion conclusively, that the story of 'Wuthering Heights' is derived from these family traditions, and that there is no foundation whatever for the idea that the authoress even remotely alludes to the story of her brother. We have only indicated a few of the attractive features of this noteworthy contribution to literary history.

The latest news from Samoa is that Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson is "in splendid health." Besides 'David Balfour' he has another novel near completion, which is to be called 'The Pearl Fisher.'

Mr. Rudyard Kipling writes from Japan that he is having "the best of good times in the land," and that "he sees his way to much work."

Mr. J. M. Barrie is resting in a quiet corner of Surrey.

We hear that Mrs. Richmond Ritchie's next book is to be a Life of Elizabeth Fry.

Miss Dougall, the author of 'Beggars All,' has just completed a new novel entitled 'What Necessity Knows.' It will, we believe, first see the light in a well-known monthly magazine.

Shortly before his death, Wilkie Collins wrote to a friend saying, "I have been reading 'Guy Mannering' again for the fiftieth time at least. That wonderful book was written in six weeks! What a set of pigmies we are by comparison with Scott."

Judging by the success which Messrs. A. and C. Black have had with their new sixpenny edition of the Waverley novels, it would certainly seem as if the general public shared Wilkie Collins' opinion. Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son are, we understand, the only firm which receives them on "sale or return," but although some twenty have now been issued, they have not up to the present time "returned" or changed a single copy. In fact, booksellers say that they dispose of seventy-five per cent. of their orders within a few days after the books are delivered, and the remaining twenty-five per cent. goes off within the month. We venture to say that very few monthly magazines sell either in such quantities, or what is more important to the retailer, so quickly. The sale up to the present time has been enormous, the number issued being well on the way to the second million.

In America, on the other hand, Scott's popularity is comparatively limited. Dickens still carries all before him so far as sales go.

Mr. Henry Herman has dramatized his novel, 'Eagle Joe.' Readers will remember it formed the summer number of the *Illustrated London News* a year or two ago. The new play will be put on the stage at a popular West End theatre for the forthcoming autumn season. Let us hope that this will turn out to be another 'Silver King' to Mr. Herman.

Mr. Luther Lincoln arrived in England from Boston in June. Mr. Lincoln is the originator of the "Uncut Leaves" system, which has become quite an institution in America, and will in all probability be introduced on a large scale into this country. The idea is that authors, before publishing their essays and stories, should allow the MS. to be read to a select circle of subscribers, the press, of course, being excluded, or only admitted upon the understanding that no criticism is to be published. In many cases—wherever it is practicable, in fact—the MS. is read by the author himself, and a personal interest which would otherwise be absent is thus added. So far from lessening public interest in, or depreciating the marketable value of MS., the plan has, up to the present, worked quite the other way. There is every probability of the "Uncut Leaves" system developing upon a very large scale both in England and America, especially as Mr. Lincoln has succeeded in obtaining the co-operation and approval of many American authors of the first rank.

Three famous novels go out of copyright this year—'David Copperfield,' 'Pendennis,' and 'Alton Locke,' and there is likely to be keen competition and underselling among the cheap publishers, some of whom are already making preparation for flooding the market upon a large scale.

A correspondent writes:—"I have not yet had a chance of reading Mr. Layard's 'Life of Charles Keene,' but a review of it recalls to me his visits to Edward Fitzgerald at Littlegrange. He brought his bagpipes with him, and was banished for practice thereon to the summer-house in the garden—from that distance the 'skreigh' was endurable. He had a theory that men open their mouths too much; and said Fitzgerald, 'I don't know if Keene bottles up his breath for the sake of the bagpipes, or if he plays the bagpipes as a vent for his bottled-up breath; and I don't suppose I shall ever know.'"

Mr. Sidney Webb, the exponent of the new political economy, is collaborating with Miss Beatrice Potter in the preparation of an exhaustive work upon Trades Unions.

It is not generally known that Mr. Haskett Smith, the author of 'For God and Humanity,' is the first English tax-gatherer or publican in Palestine. He was Laurence Oliphant's great helper in his work amongst the Druses on Mount Carmel, and is now his successor there. In his work he was greatly hindered by the tax-gatherers, who ground down the people till they were in a state of semi-starvation. Mr. Haskett Smith, therefore, bought the post of tax-gatherer—it is put up to auction by the Government—and has thus been able to improve materially the condition of the Druses. He has written some valuable articles in *Blackwood* to prove that these Druses are none other than the founders of freemasonry.

The famous Fort House at Broadstairs, which Charles Dickens occupied in the year of the Great Exhibition, is now to let, after having been in the occupation of a single family for many years. The house retains its old-world look in the midst of a more modern villadom. It is still colloquially known as Bleak House, in memory of the fact that the book bearing that name was largely written while the novelist was, in this place, making his last long sojourn at Broadstairs. In July, 1851, as readers of his 'Letters' will remember, Dickens wrote to Lord Carlisle:—

"As we think of putting mignonette-boxes outside the windows, for the younger children to sleep in by-and-by, I am afraid we should give your servant the cramp if we hardily undertook to lodge him. . . . You will have for a night-light in the room we shall give you, the North Foreland Lighthouse."

Mrs. Maxwell and Wilkie Collins were both occasional visitors to Broadstairs at one time, and Mr. Charles Dickens the younger still keeps up his association with a place whose memories are for him peculiarly tender, by paying it a brief visit.

Professor W. M. Ramsay, of Aberdeen, one of the most original and brilliant of living scholars, is preparing for publication a volume on 'The Early Church in the Roman Empire,' which will undoubtedly be a contribution of the first importance to the literature on the subject. Professor Ramsay, we believe, has been greatly impressed by the late Bishop Lightfoot's thorough mastery of the subject—a mastery in which he has no rival among English and German scholars.

It is well known that when Messrs. Heinemann and Balestier's English Library was started the price paid to authors went up amazingly. Baron Tauchnitz greatly

raised his scale. But he has now signified that it is his intention to return to the old scale. The sales of English books on the Continent are not large. One of the most popular of recent issues in the Tauchnitz Library (it is not a novel) has sold between 2,000 and 3,000 copies.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford, the author of 'The Love Letters of a Worldly Woman,' 'Aunt Anne,' etc., is writing a new story, which will form the Christmas number of the *Lady's Pictorial*.

Messrs. Harper and Bros. have acquired the American rights of Mr. D. Christie Murray's 'Time's Revenges,' at present running its serial course in Mr. Newnes' *Tit-Bits*.

Sir Walter Raleigh's home in Youghal, of which we give an illustration, was put up for sale lately, but only £1,250 was offered, and it was bought in. There Sir Walter is said to have smoked the first pipe of tobacco in Ireland. A faithful servant maid seeing the smoke, imagined her master was on fire, and threw a pail of cold water over him to extinguish the conflagration. Raleigh was Mayor of Youghal in 1588 and 1589. The house has been restored, but its picturesque and antique appearance remains.

Professor D. S. Margoliouth, of Oxford, who lately devoted himself with some energy to combating the conclusions of the "higher criticism," and who proposed to continue his work in that field, has apparently abandoned it. He has

SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S HOUSE IN YOUGHAL.

'Mornings with the Cardinal' is the title of a little book lately published by Miss Honor Brooke, eldest daughter of the Rev. Stopford Brooke, which gives an account of several conversations which she had with Cardinal Manning.

Messrs. George Newnes will issue in the autumn a volume by Dr. A. Conan Doyle, containing the Adventures of the now famous Sherlock Holmes, which have been appearing from month to month in the *Strand Magazine*.

Messrs. Hurst and Blackett have acquired the copyright of Miss Helen Shipton's 'Alston Crucis,' at present running through *Good Words*.

Lady Violet Greville has completed a one-volume sporting novel, and has almost finished for the Gentlewoman's Library 'A Book of Sports.'

undertaken the translation of the great Arabic geographical dictionary. It will be published by the Clarendon Press. This is a task worthy of Professor Margoliouth's great powers and acquirements, but many who wish to see the argument against the dominant school of Biblical criticism stated by a brilliant scholar will regret Professor Margoliouth's decision.

Miss Annie S. Swan, the popular Scottish novelist, is living near Cradley Heath, and the scene of her next story will be laid in that district.

A new and complete edition of Miss Wilkins' beautiful stories will be published in England. At present the only accessible edition of the first two volumes is that issued by Mr. Douglas, of Edinburgh, which, though tasteful, is quite unsuitable for library purposes.

Among forthcoming magazines will be one for young

women, conducted by the editors of the *Young Man*, Mr. F. A. Atkins and the Rev. W. J. Dawson. Under their care the *Young Man* has reached a large circulation. The new periodical will probably be commenced in October.

Mr. Clark Russell has just finished what we think will prove to be the best novel he has yet written. It is entitled 'The Convict Ship.'

The *Lady's Pictorial* has secured Mr. Marion Crawford's new novel. It is entitled 'Laura Arden.' It contains a really charming heroine, and unlike some of Mr. Crawford's recent stories, ends happily.

Sir Robert Ball is collecting a number of articles which have appeared lately in the Reviews and elsewhere, with a view to their publication in volume form at an early date.

Mr. William Tirebuck, the author of 'Dorothy,' has made arrangements to run a series of short stories through a syndicate of weekly provincial papers.

The portrait of Mr. Hall Caine in our present issue is from a photograph by G. P. Abraham, Keswick.

The 'History of Guy's Hospital,' upon which the late Mr. G. T. Bettany and Dr. Wilks, F.R.S., were at work in collaboration at the time of Mr. Bettany's premature death, has been carried on by Dr. Wilks, with the able assistance of Mr. Target, of Guy's Hospital, and is now approaching completion. It will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Ward, Lock, Bowden and Co. We understand that the edition is already almost entirely subscribed for (the work naturally attracting much interest among members of the medical profession), and that there is every probability of the book having a much greater success than was ever anticipated by the original authors.

Probably Mr. Rudyard Kipling has inherited some of his poetical talent. At Sleights, near Whitby, there is living an uncle of his, an old man named Kipling, who in his day was a popular local preacher in connection with the Wesleyan Methodist denomination, and who wrote poems occasionally which were thought very racy by his friends and neighbours, and some of which were printed in the local papers.

Mr. Besant tells a correspondent that of the stories he has written of late years, the two that have given him the greatest pleasure, both in the conception and the working out, are—'The Inner House' (in which he shows that death is a necessity of life) and 'Armorel of Lyonesse.'

Mr. Bryan C. Waller, author of 'The Twilight Land,' is now engaged in the completion of a new poem called 'Perseus with the Hesperides.' Mr. Waller is a remarkable example of the heredity of the poetic talent. He is the nephew of Bryan W. Procter ("Barry Cornwall") and cousin of Adelaide Procter, and also the sole male descendant of the family which numbers Edmund Waller among its ancestors.

The sprightly story called 'Betsy,' recently published by Messrs. Osgood and McIlvaine, is now acknowledged to be the maiden effort of Miss Munro-Ferguson, of Novar, sister of the well-known member for the Leith Burghs. "V.," the initial under which she wrote, stands presumably for her own name, Valentine. Miss Munro-Ferguson has hitherto, it is said, lived a somewhat retired life. If this be so, she has looked out on the world very watchfully.

Mr. Frank Murray, Derby, will shortly issue the first number of a new magazine, called *Notts and Derbyshire Notes and Queries*. It will be a Repository for Historical, Biographical, Literary, Archæological, etc., Gossip relating to the two counties, and it makes a promise that it will be readable. The editors are, for Notts, Mr. J. P. Briscoe, F.R.H.S., and for Derbyshire, Mr. John Ward. It will be published on the 15th of every month, and will cost sixpence.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL.—An Englishman in Paris, Notes and Recollections (dealing with the reign of Louis Philippe and the Empire). In the Shade of Schiehallion, by Charles Blatherwick. The Migration of Birds, by Charles Dixon.

MESSRS. CASSELL.—The Wrecker, by R. L. Stevenson.

MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS.—The Marquis of Carabas, by Aaron Watson and Mrs. Wasserman. London, by Walter Besant.

MESSRS. GRIGGS & Co., Chicago.—Columbus, an epic poem in rhymed heroic verse, by Samuel Jefferson.

MR. HEINEMANN.—The Naulahka, by Rudyard Kipling.

MESSRS. LONGMAN.—'Mountaineering,' and 'Deer Stalking in the Highlands of Scotland.' Badminton Library.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN.—Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, and Browning, by Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie.

MESSRS. ELKIN MATHEWS & JOHN LANE.—Hazlitt's Liber Amoris, with an Introduction by Richard le Gallienne.

MR. FRANK MURRAY, Derby.—A Glossary of Archaic and Provincial Words and Phrases now or formerly in use in the County of Derby, by W. Kirkland, limited to 300 copies, 7s. 6d. net, and 50 large paper copies, 21s. net.

MESSRS. SIMPKIN, MARSHALL.—A Study of Corot, by Mr. D. C. Thomson, with fifty illustrations. An *edition de luxe* of Othello. Illustrated by Marchetti.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHEIN.—Poems from the German, by C. M. Aikman. Handbooks for Employers and Employed.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN.—Voodoo Folk Stories, by Mary Alicia Owen.

MISCELLANEOUS ANNOUNCEMENTS.—The Life of Bismarck, by Charles Lowe. The Jew at Home, by Joseph Pennell. Autobiography of George Augustus Sala. Life of Charles Bradlaugh, by his daughter, Mrs. Bonner. The Story of King Edward and Winchelsea, by Mr. Inderwick, Q.C. Newfoundland to Cochin China, by Mrs. Howard Vincent. A Son of the Fens, by Dr. P. H. Emerson. The Firm of Girdlestone, by Dr. Conan Doyle. The Old Maid's Sweetheart, by Alan St. Aubyn.

Welsh. The Rev. H. Cernyw Williams is preparing a Welsh handbook of the Baptist Missionary Centenary.

The new editor of the monthly organ of the Calvinistic Methodist Association will be the Rev. N. Cynhaval Jones, who has recently brought out a serviceable edition in two volumes of the poetical works of "Williams Pantycelyn."

The new volume in the Religious Tract Society series—"Pictures with Pen and Pencil"—will be 'Welsh Pictures.' The literary contributors include J. E. Lloyd, O. M. Edwards, J. Morris Jones, Edward Foulkes, A. N. Palmer D. Lleuver Thomas, W. Lewis-Jones, Revs. Tyssil Evans, H. Elvet Lewis, and David Davies (Brighton). The book is expected to be out in September.

At next year's National Eisteddvod, to be held at Pontypridd, a prize of forty guineas will be awarded for the best

essay, in English or Welsh, on "Evolution in relation to (*a*) the Fall of Man, (*b*) the Incarnation, and (*c*) the Resurrection of Christ." The essay is to form a book of some 400 pages, and is to be the author's property.

A miniature census of "Six Favourite Welsh Books," whose results have just been published in one of the monthlies, yields the highest vote to the late Dr. Lewis Edwards in prose, and to Ceiriog in poetry.

A new and cheaper edition of Vicar Pritchard's *Canwyll y Cymry* ('Welshman's Candle') is announced from the Wrexham press. It is a volume of religious verse in dialect, and was first published in 1672. This will form the twenty-fourth edition (at least).

The long-delayed fifth part of Dr. Wm. Rees's biography has been issued during the month, containing some interesting letters from Mazzini, written 1861-4. It is hoped to complete the work in one more part.

Irish. Messrs. Gill and Son are about to reissue a sixpenny monthly publication of 64 pages, known as *Irish Pleasantry and Fun*. It will contain some of the best humorous tales by Lever, Lover, Carleton, etc., with illustrations by a local artist, John Fergus O'Hea.

The establishment of the Irish Authors' Society in London seems to have stirred up on the other side of the Channel a spirit of wholesome emulation, which was manifested in a meeting held at the Rotunda on June 9th to inaugurate a National Literary Society, with its headquarters in Dublin. The objects of this Society will be: To promote the study of Irish literature, music, and art, by means of the circulation of Irish literature; lectures and discussions; concerts of Irish music, and the establishment of a lending library. This last, we may observe, is much needed in Dublin.

Furthermore, say the committee, one of the first duties of the Society "will be to promote the publication of a series of books like the old Library of Ireland," which proved so valuable in the palmy days of the *Nation*. That is, no doubt, a large undertaking, but should it be found within their scope, we may look forward to seeing our literary wreaths renew their flowers. Nothing very definite was done at this first meeting; however, when the *Sturm und Drang Period* of the general election has gone safely by, other steps will probably be taken.

We hear rumours about the starting of an Inter-University magazine, to be published triennially in Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin. It is thought that such a periodical would fitly date from the tercentenary year of Dublin University, and the concourse of University men drawn together by the impending celebrations will afford a favourable opportunity for discussing the project, which sounds as if it should not be difficult to carry out with happy results.

The Tercentenary is also responsible for the Dublin publication of the month, Mr. Savage-Armstrong's *Tercentenary Ode*. There are, indeed, some captious persons who maintain that such compositions do not, strictly speaking, belong to literature. And we can fancy a little old King Gama's "cracked and small" voice pronouncing it "awful," as he glanced over all its ample stanzas, and felt that they mastered him. Mr. Savage-Armstrong has, however, accomplished his arduous task with much success, and his sonorous lines agree right well with Sir R. P. Stewart's "symphonious harmonies."

A correspondent points out, in connection with Miss Barlow's article on 'Literary Dublin,' in our last issue, that the Rev. Matthew Russell alluded to as editor of the *Irish Monthly* is not attached to a Franciscan convent in Dublin, but to the Jesuit's Church of St. Francis Xavier, in Upper Gardiner Street. He is the brother of Sir Charles Russell. Our correspondent also mentions another Dublin periodical, the *Lyceum*, and makes an appeal to Dublin booksellers to provide greater facilities for the circulating of the leading magazines and reviews. The circulating libraries are drained, it is stated, by the "smart" clubs; and what subscribers want is the opportunity of reading at their own homes the periodicals while they are still of fresh interest.

Booksellers. Our Bradford correspondent writes:—I am glad to see that something is about to be done to raise the status of the bookseller's assistant by inaugurating a system of examinations that will test his claim to be considered a member of a once honoured profession. I am afraid the average assistant is far too easily satisfied with himself in these days, and is content to know the outside rather than inside of the books he handles. If he is fortunate enough to get into a comfortable place, instead of taking advantage of his position to improve his knowledge of literature and the trade, he grows indifferent, and becomes a mere huckster, taking no interest in the volumes he hands over the counter. This is a very undesirable state of things, and detrimental both to his own interests and those of his employer. To begin with, a bookseller should be first and foremost a *book-lover*, and not a mere salesman. He should have an enthusiasm, born of familiarity, for his wares, and show a little more interest in them than the grocer does in his tea and sugar. If the London Booksellers' Society by its examinations tends to excite this interest, and thereby increase the intelligence of the younger members of the trade, it will have done a capital work.

Continental. M. Tarde, an able and sturdy opponent to Signor Lambroso's theories of criminal anthropology, has published a new work called 'Etudes Pénales et Sociales' (G. Masson). Among the subjects examined under this title are 'The Duel,' 'Political Offences,' and 'Crimes due to Passion.'

A new work from the pen of M. François Coppée is announced by Lemerre, called 'Les Vrais Riches.'

The first part of a 'Dictionnaire de la Révolution Française' has been issued by Jouvet. The editors are MM. Boursin and Challamel. The work, which will be completed in fifteen numbers, aims at being a convenient reference book for facts about the men, events, and institutions of the period.

An interesting addition to Stendhal literature has been published by Calmann Lévy, the 'Lettres Intimes' of Beyle to his sister Pauline. They extend over a considerable number of years, the last one being dated 1815. They have few recognisable 'Stendhalien' qualities, but they throw light on the familiar side of his character. He had evidently constituted himself a guide to his sister in her reading, and made her the confidante of many of his thoughts and travel experiences.

Edmund About's articles in 'Le Dix-neuvième Siècle' have been republished by Ollendorff, with an introduction by M. Joseph Reinach.

To Madame Darmesteter, better known in this country as Miss Mary Robinson, has been entrusted the monograph on Froissart in the 'Collection de Grands Ecrivains Français.'

The newest volume in Hetzel's edition of the unpublished works of Victor Hugo is 'France et Belgique.' It consists mainly of travel impressions in the two countries from 1834 to 1839.

The death was recently announced of a French writer of fiction who had once a great vogue in his own country, but who latterly sank into obscurity, Alexis Bouvier. Twenty years ago or so he used to be called the Dumas of the faubourgs, and probably there was never a more popular feuilletonist. Born in very humble circumstances, and proud of his origin, it was for the workmen he loved to write. And for years he had an intimate knowledge of what they wanted in the way of fiction in the halfpenny journals. The success of the 'Mariage d'un Forçat,' and 'Année d'un Crime' was enormous; he coined money, and he saved none. While his popularity lasted he kept open house, and scattered his earnings lavishly. Then the fashion of fiction changed, and his particular kind of melodrama was at a discount. Bouvier could not adapt himself to the new wants, and but for the help of friends he would have been in actual want in his latter days.

In the foreign reviews there is ample evidence of the interest in the approaching Shelley centenary. Announcements are made of new translations, a version of 'Prometheus Unbound,' in Danish, for instance; and an article in the 'Nouvelle Revue' by M. Henri Montecorboli, gives an interesting account of the different legends of Shelley's death spread about in the neighbourhood of Leghorn, Spezzia, and Viareggio.

In a recent number of M. Octave Uzanne's dainty little review, *L'Art et L'Idée*, M. G. de Saint Heraye has been collecting some materials for a history of the art of advertisement, or *puffisme*. America is still, it appears, the great advertising country of the world, though England is not far behind her. So long ago as 1851 Sir John Bennett paid a thousand guineas for the last page of the official catalogue of the London Exhibition, but the *New York Herald* makes at present £300,000 out of its advertisements, and, if we are to take M. de Saint Heraye seriously, there are special classes in the commercial schools of the States for instruction in the art of writing "puffs." No mention, however, is made of Mr. Oscar Wilde or Mr. H. M. Stanley—a grave omission.

The Hugo 'Journal d'Exil' has been carefully examined by M. Octave Uzanne, the editor of *L'Art et l'Idée*. He found that Mr. Davey, the guardian of the MS., had bound up the Journal together with a large mass of correspondence in three 8vo volumes, that the handwriting was not the poet's, but probably that of his son François, and that the correct descriptive title for the volumes would be 'Victor Hugo's Table Talk at Guernsey.' It seems likely that the Bibliothèque Nationale will become possessors of the MSS.

Frenchmen used to take their knowledge of modern Greece from Edmond About. Less witty and more reliable writers have striven since then to correct the impressions he gave, but wit has had the victory. M. Gaston Deschamps, however, has collected his scattered papers on Greece into one volume, under the name of 'La Grèce d'Aujourd'hui' (Armand Colin), and his vivacity and enthusiasm will do much to secure appreciation for his painstaking research and accuracy.

Frau von Suttner, the author of that remarkable novel, 'Waffen Nieder,' one of the most eloquent pleas for peace that ever was written, has published a new book, 'An der Riviera.' It will add little to her reputation, however. It is a clever enough society novel, and that is all.

Paul Heyse's new novel, 'Merlin,' contains a powerful study of literary life under modern conditions.

A new Italian series is in preparation, the 'Biblioteca di Scrittori Politici Italiani (Zanichelli). The first volume is ready, and consists of the writings of Count Cavour, collected and edited by Professor Domenico Zanichelli.

Signor Luigi Gualdo, the author of 'Gran Rivale' and 'Costanza Gerardi,' novels that have attracted considerable attention, has written another, called 'Decadenza.' It belongs to the minutely analytic and psychological school, and contains studies of modern society in Milan, Rome, Aix, and Nice.

American. The "coming man" in America is, we are assured on high authority, Mr. Richard-Harding Davis. His popularity is, it seems, rapidly increasing. At present he is enjoying a lengthened holiday, but he will, we believe, soon return to the editorial chair of *Harper's Weekly*.

Mr. Bret Harte has just concluded a new story entitled 'Susy.' The many admirers of his 'Waif of the Plains' will find the new story an account of the further doings of that most interesting creation "Clarence."

The falling off in the demand for long serial stories in America continues. Short stories and novels are more and more in request.

Mr. G. W. Cable, after a long interval, during which he has devoted himself to social and religious questions, is now busily engaged on a new novel. Mr. Cable has somewhat passed from sight, but his popularity will no doubt be revived by this publication.

ROUND THE TURN OF THE ROAD.

"Deceptaque non capiatur."

Where this narrow lane slips by,
All the land's breadth, over-glowed
Under amplest arching sky,
Seems a secret meet to keep
For these hedged banks close and high,
Till the turn of the road.
Then a curve of sudden sweep—
Lone and green the countryside,
Like a cloak, with scarce a fold,
And the white track's dwindling thread,
Lies in basking beams dispread:
You may look out far and wide
From the turn of the road.
There's a gleam of rusted gold,
And a blink of eave-stained wall,
Up the lane a rood or so,
Where a thatched roof huddles low;
And a day will seldom fall
But its mistress, bent and old,
Rime-frost hair and little red shawl,
Thro' her black-gapped doorway fares,
Very frail and meagre and small,
And the years' unlifted load
With a faltering foot she bears
'Twixt the tall banks to and fro;
But her steps will ever stay
Ere the turn of the road—
Never reach it; you might guess
That they halt for feebleness,
Till you hear her story told.
For she says: "The children all
Are a weary while away;
Years long since I watched them go—
'Twas when dawn came glimmering cold—
Round the turn of the road.
And I'm lonesome left behind;
Yet time passes, fast or slow,
And they're coming home some day;
They'll come back to me, they said:
Just this morn that's overhead
It might chance for aught I know.
"And that's always in my mind,
For I dream it in my sleep,
And I think it when I wake,
And when out of doors I creep
Towards the turn of the road,
Then a step I hardly make
But I'm saying all the while
Ere another minute's gone,
I may see them there, all three,
Coming home, poor lads, to me,
Round the turn of the road.
"But a stone's throw further on,
If I'd creep to where it showed
Like a riband stretched a mile,
And the longest look I'd take
Saw nought stirring on its white,
Sure my heart were fit to break.
"So before I come in sight,
Home I set my face again,
Lest I'd lose the thought that's light
Thro' the darksome day. And then
If I find the house so still
That my heart begins to ache
Ere my foot is o'er the sill,
I can think I needn't fret,
If they're maybe near me yet
At the turn of the road."

JANE BARLOW.

ASTARTE.

Across the dripping ridges,
O look, luxurious Night!
She comes, the bright-haired beauty,
My luminous delight!
My luminous delight!
So hush, ye shores, your roar,
That my soul may sleep forgetting
Dead Love's wild Nevermore!

Astarte, Syrian sister,
Your face is wet with tears;
I think you know the secret
One heart hath held for years!
One heart hath held for years!
But hide your hapless lore,
And my sweet—my Syrian sister,
Dead Love's wild Nevermore!

Ah, Helen Hope in heaven,
My queen of long ago,
I've swooned with adoration,
But could not tell you so,
Or dared not tell you so,
My radiant queen of yore!
And you've passed away and left me
Dead Love's wild Nevermore!

Astarte knoweth, darling,
Of eyes that once did weep,
What time entranced Passion
Hath kissed your lips in sleep,
Hath kissed your lips in sleep;
But now those tears are o'er,
Gone, my saint, with many a moan to
Dead Love's wild Nevermore.

If I am past all crying,
What thoughts are maddening me,
Of you, my darling, dying
Upon the lone wide sea,
Upon the lone wide sea.
Ah! hush, ye shores, your roar,
That my soul may sleep forgetting
Dead Love's wild Nevermore!

HENRY KENDALL.

THE CARLYLES AND A SEGMENT OF THEIR CIRCLE:

RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS.

CHAPTER X.

Emerson in Manchester—His visit to Chelsea and impressions of Carlyle—His lectures in Manchester, speech at the soirée of the Manchester Athenæum, and estimate of Cobden—Emerson as guest and host—His lectures in London—Carlyle's opinion of him as a lecturer and a man—Their correspondence on Indian Corn—Carlyle's article on "Indian Meal."

A LETTER warmly inviting Emerson to proceed to Chelsea immediately on arriving in England had been sent by Carlyle to Manchester. I went with it to Liverpool to place it in Emerson's hands as soon as he should touch the soil of England. But the packet ship which had borne him across the Atlantic did not arrive until two days after it was due, so I returned with the letter to Manchester. It was posted to Emerson at Liverpool, and reached him when he landed. On receiving it he came to Manchester only for an hour or two, and then went straight to the Carlyles at Chelsea. It was just after that visit, and on his return to Manchester, that I saw him in private for the first time. His commune with Carlyle at this their second meeting had not been quite so satisfactory as at their first one some fourteen years before, when Emerson made that well-remembered pilgrimage to Craigenputtock. To say nothing of other differences, Carlyle, still full of Cromwell, resented with needless heat Emerson's refusal to fall down and worship the Puritan hero. There was just a trace of irritation, the only one which I ever perceived in Emerson, in his first references to his Chelsea visit; but it soon disappeared, never to re-appear. Sorrowing admiration was expressed in the remark made to one of us early during his stay in Manchester: "Carlyle's heart is as large as the world, but he is growing morbid." Emerson was lost in wonder at the vividness of Carlyle's conversation, which he compared to "sculpture," and pronounced to be even more marvellous than his books.

Emerson made Manchester his headquarters for several months, not only lecturing there, but returning to it every now and then from his lecturing tours in the manufacturing districts, and as far north as Edinburgh. He delivered two courses of lectures in Manchester, one of them at the Athenæum, the other, intended to be of a homelier kind, at the Mechanics' Institution. Those at the Athenæum belonged mainly to the series so well known afterwards under the title of "Representative Men." Emerson's manner in the lecture-room, like that which distinguished him in private, was one of perfect serenity. For any emotion that he displayed, there might have been no audience before him. He always read his lectures, and in a grave monotone for the most part, with rarely any emphasis. Much in them must have been "caviare to the general," but ever and anon some striking thought, strikingly expressed, produced a ripple of response from the audience, and the close of his finely-discriminative lecture on Napoleon was followed by several rounds of applause, all this confirming what he once said to me, that such lecturing triumphs as fell to him were achieved by "hits." To the public success or failure of his lectures he appeared to be profoundly indifferent, a mood to which his experiences in American lecture-rooms had habituated him. He told me, with perfect equanimity, that at home he was accustomed to see hearers, after listening to him a little, walk out of the room, as much as to say that they had had enough of him. At his Manchester lectures the audiences were numerous and attentive. Whatever they might fail to understand, they evidently felt that this lecturer was a man of genius and of high and pure mind.

Out of the lecture-room Emerson's only public appearance in Manchester was at the annual soirée of the Manchester Athenæum, the late Sir Archibald (then plain Mr.) Alison in the chair. Emerson delivered on the occasion an effective little speech, unusually complimentary for him, since he made in it laudatory references to the Tory chairman's 'History of Europe,' to Dickens, who had sent a letter of apology for non-attendance, and even to *Punch*. Better than this, it contained a noble passage on the greatness of the English character, afterwards expanded and minutely illustrated in the 'English Traits,' of all Emerson's books the most interesting to English readers. As a silent auditor Emerson was present at a great "demonstration" in the Free Trade Hall to celebrate the victory of the Anti-Corn-Law League. Among the speakers was Cobden, who had not long before returned to England, flushed with the success of his triumphal progress through the Continent after the repeal of the Corn Laws. Cobden was then beginning what proved to be a rather futile crusade against our military and naval expenditure. But in his speech he announced his new programme in such temperate language that, as Emerson told me, Cobden had impressed him as "the embodiment of English discretion." However, I see that Emerson spoke more exuberantly and enthusiastically of Cobden in a letter which he wrote at the time to his friend Thoreau at Concord, and which is printed in the *Atlantic Monthly* for June in the present year.

Emerson's associates in Manchester were chiefly members of the little circle which had welcomed Carlyle to the cotton city some weeks before. He honoured my domicile with several visits. Coming on one occasion to breakfast, he brought with him photographs of his wife and children, saying *à propos* of that of Mrs. Emerson, "If any of our family are saved it will be through her merits." On the same occasion he took up a volume of 'The Christian Year,' which was lying about, and I was a little surprised to find so ethnic a philosopher point admiringly to the opening stanza, "Hues of the rich unfolding morn," etc. As an evening guest, among a circle of his juniors not given to silence, Emerson was very reticent but very amiable, listening patiently, with a benignant smile, to the argumentation and other talk going on. If he did broach a comment or an opinion it was generally, I observed, to cite something said by a thoughtful friend at home. In private conversation he told me that Carlyle had advised him to try some historical subject, his reply being that he had no genius for history. Referring to Carlyle's vehement denunciations of authorship, he said, "If Mr. Carlyle can show me any better employment than literature, I shall be

happy to betake myself to it." Before finally quitting Manchester, Emerson gave a dinner-party to his Manchester friends and others from the northern and midland counties, with some of whom he had corresponded from Concord on high spiritual matters. The party was a strange collection of mystics, poets, prose-rhapsodists, editors, schoolmasters, ex-Unitarian ministers, and cultivated manufacturers, the only bond of union among them being a common regard and respect for Emerson. One of the poets was a vegetarian, for whom a dinner of herbs had been considerately prepared. After the prandial and post-prandial babblement, to which our host as usual contributed nothing, he gave a serene close to the evening by reading to us his lecture on Plato. He had omitted it, probably as above the heads of an ordinary audience, from his series of lectures at the Manchester Athenæum on Representative Men, of which it now forms part.

Soon afterwards I pitched my tent in London again, and saw something of Emerson there, at the Carlyles' and elsewhere. "The seraphic man," as Carlyle called him, was, like most other visitors at Chelsea, silent when Carlyle held forth. Between Carlyle and Bancroft, the historian of the United States and then American minister in London, Emerson was introduced everywhere, his reputation as a thinker of course powerfully aiding, and both in the aristocratic and intellectual circles of London society he saw everybody whom he could have cared to see, Carlyle reporting (what ought to have pleased that great apostle of silence) the complaint of "the high people" that (unlike himself) Emerson had little to say to them. One of the effects on Emerson of the brilliancy of the society in which he found himself lionized for the first time was to make him very reluctant to lecture in London. To overcome this reluctance, resort was had to a device of which I heard no whisper at the time, and which, either through modesty or pride, Emerson seems never to have mentioned even in his letters to relatives and friends at home. It came to my knowledge only recently, when exploring the paper masses left behind him by the late John Forster. Among them is the original, with the signatories' autographs attached, of a memorial addressed to Emerson, respectfully requesting him to deliver a course of lectures in London, signed by Bulwer Lytton, Carlyle, Procter (Barry Cornwall), Charles Dickens, and the inevitable Forster himself. Two courses of lectures by Emerson in London did come off, the earlier of them (on the "Mind and Manners of the Nineteenth Century") being delivered to a guinea-paying audience in a hall in Edward Street, Portman Square. On the first day the audience was numerous, aristocratic as well as intellectual, two daughters of the then Duchess of Sutherland (who had been Emerson's hostess at Stafford House) figuring on the platform by the lecturer's side. In the evening I accompanied Carlyle to Emerson's domicile, a visit apparently intended to be one of congratulation on the lecturing success of the afternoon. Emerson was at home, and Carlyle seemed to find the process of congratulation rather embarrassing. He could get out little more than that the lecture was "very Emersonian," which, considering that Emerson had been the lecturer, was not striking or enthusiastic praise. Then the subject was swiftly dismissed and succeeded by a conversation on a common friend, *à propos* of whom Carlyle, who was one of the keenest-sighted of physiognomists, laid it down as an ascertained physiognomico-spiritual fact that a long upper lip denoted in its possessor "a certain resonance to the noble," and the brief visit ended. Elsewhere than in Emerson's presence, "moonshine" pithily expressed Carlyle's opinion on his London lectures. But before Emerson left England for home a few weeks afterwards, Carlyle spoke more kindly of his friend's lectures as "intellectual sonatas," and of the friend himself as "a beautiful figure among those talking Yankees," and the ideal of an American gentleman.

Not one (so far as I know) of Carlyle's biographers and bibliographers has noticed a slight but interesting literary memorial of his intimacy with Emerson, and of their friendly correspondence after Emerson's return to Concord. This is an article on "Indian Meal" in *Fraser's Magazine* for May, 1849, signed "C.," Carlyle's authorship of which is undoubted, though he did not include it in any collective edition of his writings. Cobbett had endeavoured unsuccessfully to persuade the English farmer to raise Indian corn, and Carlyle wished, in those days of potato-disease, to see Indian meal an article of general consumption. He found that the Indian meal then in use among us, whether ground in the exporting country, or at home from imported Indian corn, was tainted by a bitterness which made even the starving Irish pauper turn against it. He corresponded on the subject with Emerson at Concord, who sent him from his own barn a barrel of Indian corn in its natural state, which had not been subjected to the process of kiln-drying, and to this process, Emerson reported, was said to be due the *amari aliquid* in the meal as then consumed in England and Ireland. At Carlyle's instance, his friend Lord Ashburton had Emerson's sample ground by his own millers, and prepared for the table by his own French cook. The result, according to Carlyle in *Fraser*, was meal which was "sweet among the sweetest," "fit for the cook's art under all manner of conditions," and on which a grown man could be "supported wholesomely, and even agreeably, at the rate of little more than a penny a day." Announcing these good tidings, Carlyle bade "the disconsolate Malthusian fling his 'geometrical series' into the corner, assist wisely in the Free Trade movement, and dry up his tears." Carlyle told me that he sent his article in the first instance to the editor of the *Times*, who rejected and returned it. In the collective editions of his writings, from which Carlyle excluded it, there are surely things more trivial and less interesting than the modest piece in which the Sage of Chelsea, aided by the Sage of Concord, sought to indicate how every son of Adam could live on little more than a penny a day!

Φ

MR. BIRRELL'S CRITICISMS.*

MR. BIRRELL pays the penalty which we always exact from a man who has written one brilliant book—we open the next, and the next after, with something of a foregone conclusion that they will not be quite so good. It is a conclusion founded upon the pretty general experience, that a man's best is in part a happy accident, and does not often

* 'Res Judicatæ.' Papers and Essays. By Augustine Birrell. (London: Elliot Stock.)

repeat itself. And even had the second instalment of 'Obiter Dicta' been quite equal to the first, it would probably still have left in the reader's mind some vague feeling of disappointment, for clever and agreeable as Mr. Birrell undoubtedly is as a writer, the qualities which make his style attractive can hardly be said to constitute the kind of literary apparel which always "wears" well. His vivacity, his gaiety are pleasant things, but the mere jauntiness in which he too often indulges is less so. He is like a man wearing light holiday dress all the year round. Neither life nor literature is all summer weather: it

"hath its winter too, of pale disfeature,"

when it becomes a man to adapt his raiment accordingly. Such a wintry prospect were the closing years of Cowper's essentially tragic life, and in a sketch of those years—a sketch in many ways admirable, we must in justice admit—it yet offends us to be told that the poet "was a dab hand" at something or other, and to read that Mary Unwin, after that long and heroic devotion to him which makes one of the most pathetic chapters in literary biography, "was pretty well done for." This is not the language of literature. An easy manner is a good thing; a free-and-easy manner is not quite so well. A good deal of Mr. Birrell's mere slovenliness of diction is no doubt deliberate and intentional—a case of preferring colloquial carelessness to pedantic correctness, and, as such, it is defensible. His frequent use of *averse to*, where a more accurate writer would say *averse from*, is an instance. The phrase in itself is entirely bad: to say that we are *averse to* a thing is just as pure nonsense as if we said we were *inclined from* it; but on the ground of customariness and familiarity, as against self-consciousness and purism, the expression is defensible, apart from its having plenty of respectable precedent for itself. When, however, we read that Clarissa Harlowe "is immense," we are simply tripped up by a piece of idle slang, and inexpressive slang too. If he had said the Iliad was "awfully good," it would have been very much the same. We do not ask that a writer should be painfully attentive to his own dignity, but we do ask that the language of literature should be eclectic; except dramatically, it is not the function of literature to perpetuate vulgarities and barbarisms of speech. There was a time when every good author—and Mr. Birrell is one, with all his faults—had a kind of sense of personal responsibility for the maintenance of law and order in language. Lamb's style (which Mr. Birrell appreciates most genially) is surely free enough from starch and buckram, if any style is; but its purity rivals that of the most punctiliously decorous writer. To give Mr. Birrell his due—and it speaks well for his catholicity—he is warmly and frankly appreciative of much in other writers that is contrary to his own bent. "Is it not," he says, "sometimes a relief to exchange the quips and cranks of some of our modern writers, whose humour it is to be, as it were, for ever slapping their readers in the face, or grinning at them from unexpected corners, for the stately roll of the Gibbonian sentence?" We answer from our very heart, It is most undoubtedly a relief. The "light touch" is not everything, and the fashion of pertness and airiness has had all its own way quite long enough. Posterity will make short work of some of the most agreeable of literary fribbles, the men whose graceful office it was—

"Lightly to catch the tastes that ebbed and flowed,
And charm the world with nothings *à la mode*."

Augustine Birrell

Having said all this, we owe it to Mr. Birrell to acknowledge in the frankest manner that *his* criticisms are not "nothings." They are often truly delightful, both as regards matter and style; but he does himself imperfect justice by condescending too often to a manner of writing which is beneath, we will not say the dignity of literature, but the real seriousness of the subjects which he approaches with an eye so alert and a judgment so keen.

How excellently alive his style can be — and indeed mostly is—every paper in this volume shows. His aphoristic gift is really great; witness such an observation as, "Liberalism is not a creed, but a frame of mind." And his way of alluding to certain things in the first edition of 'Literature and Dogma' is irresistible: "Bantering the Trinity is not yet a recognised English pastime. Bishop-baiting is." With rare precision, and in a way which rather reminds us of Mr. Lowell, he often condenses a really comprehensive estimate of a writer's general characteristics into a few brisk, dashing phrases, as when he says of Hazlitt: "His sparkling sentences follow so quickly one upon another that the reader's appreciation soon becomes a breathless appreciation. There is something almost uncanny in such sustained cleverness." He is wisely tolerant of the harmless foibles of great men, and is not going to let himself be annoyed by Gibbon's vanity; and he shows an exquisite sense of the nice values of words when he remarks that Milton is "magnificently self-conscious, Gibbon splendidly so." He appreciates the elegant, mundane, and dilettante side of Cowper's

genius with delightful zest, and nothing could be more happily turned than his observation that "Had Cowper not gone mad in his thirty-second year, and been frightened out of the world of trifles, we should have had another Prior, a wittier Gay, an earlier Praed, an English La Fontaine." He is not ashamed to be carried away by enthusiasm for his authors; but sometimes it leads him into pitting one man against another unjustly. "Richardson," he says, "did more good every week of his life—for he was a wise and most charitable man—than Fielding was ever able to do throughout the whole of his." Now Fielding did a great deal of good as a model stipendiary magistrate, in which capacity his zeal for the public service, at a time when the perfunctory or negligent discharge of judicial functions was not too rare, may be said to have benefited society in a wider sense than holds true of private charity or munificence. We cannot think Mr. Birrell as happy as he usually is in his estimates of authors when he says, "The most striking note of Lamb's criticism is its veracity." Had he said general veracity, relieved by flashes of most splendid mendacity, he would have come nearer the mark. "Lamb," he continues, "is perhaps never mistaken. . . . When did he ever go utterly wrong either in praise or in dispraise?" This is pure extravagance, and we think so well of Mr. Birrell's critical sagacity, that we incline to believe he cannot have read (to take only one example) Lamb's remarks upon the last scene of Ford's 'Broken Heart.' Indeed, many of Lamb's odd, out-of-the-way partialities in literature were founded upon a no more truly critical basis than some purely whimsical personal prepossession. The merest accidents were liable to affect his judgment—as when he confesses that he could not possibly read the 'Anatomy of Melancholy' in a reprint. His acumen, we consider, was sometimes penetrating beyond all precedent. Witness his magnificent criticism on Shakespeare's weird sisters, *dpropos* of the 'Witch' of Middleton, or the no less luminous passage on Martin's 'Belshazzar,' the germs of which are to be found in a letter to Bernard Barton. But to set up Lamb as an infallible Pope in criticism is a mistake. He was something much more interesting—a critic who usually saw into the very core of the matter, and sometimes erred so brilliantly that we like his blunders better than other people's correct judgments.

The range of subjects in this volume is wide. Richardson, Gibbon, Cowper, Borrow, Newman, Arnold, Hazlitt, Lamb, and Sainte-Beuve—besides more general themes—are discussed in a manner which is often sketchy, but rarely or never dull. Want of confidence in his own ability to pronounce judgment upon anything in the heavens above or the earth beneath, is not one of Mr. Birrell's faults. He is perhaps even a little too sure about everything. To apply to him the words of his favourite Elia, "The twilight of dubiety never falls upon him." One of his most genial appreciations is that of Matthew Arnold, though we do not quite know what he means by speaking of Arnold's "severity towards Keats." (The reference is to Keats's poetry, to which Arnold did full justice, not to Keats's personality, by which the great critic was certainly little attracted.) And Mr. Birrell seems to hit wide of the mark when he tells us that had Arnold possessed a nicer ear, "he would have spared his readers an occasional jar and a panegyric on Byron's poetry." We should think Arnold's ear was quite equal to judging Byron's faulty versification. What interested him was the immense force and magnetism of the poet who "taught us little," but passed over the mind of Europe with a sound like his own storm in the Jura. On page 174 Mr. Birrell misquotes Wordsworth in a way which does not testify to much nicety of ear on his own part.

With some slips and a few hasty judgments, this is eminently a bright, fresh, and pleasant book, which deserves the welcome we have no doubt it will receive.

WILLIAM WATSON.

ALICIA.

CHAPTER I.

THEY had been engaged rather less than a month, so they talked very much to each other about each other, and talked very seriously. She bought a scent-satchel for one shilling and put it in the drawer where she kept his poems, tied up with pale blue silk; he, in his lonely chambers, said good-night to her photograph before he went to bed. It was, at the commencement, quite an ordinary case. One night he had been dining at her father's house, as he frequently did; after dinner they found themselves alone in the drawing-room together. They did not ask why the rest of the family had vanished; they were merely satisfied with the arrangement. Two lovers are to themselves the only people in the world; the rest of the human race is a hideous excrescence. The lamps were shaded, and the shades were of an appropriate and romantic pinkiness. She was sitting on a footstool, and leaning her passably pretty head against his knee. She had been experimenting a little in new attitudes since her engagement. She held a screen in her hand, because the fire is not good for the complexion, although the flicker of light on the eyes is effective, pictorially; so sometimes she used the screen, and sometimes let it droop. After a minute's silence he said, earnestly: "Dear brown hair!"

"Did he like it?" she whispered.

"Not like it—*love* it," sweetly corrective.

Then they fell to talking of lighter subjects. She pulled out several little hidden merits of her own for him to see. For instance, she visited the poor; the poor were always rude to her apparently, and did not particularly want her, but she visited them. She always went on the third day of the month. She had frequently refused invitations for that day. She explained that she was really rather serious. If she went to three things in a night, it was not because she liked them. She disliked them, but she could not be constantly disappointing people. She thought, too, that she had read rather more books than most girls of her age. At this point he happened to observe that she was perfect.

"No, darling," she said, "I am far—oh, so far!—from being perfect. I only wanted to show you that I could really enter into your inner life. It has always seemed to me that there are two of you—two Cuthberts."

"How do you mean, dearest?" he asked. It was pleasant to be taken as seriously as that.

"I don't mean like—like—" she paused a moment and added the desperate reminiscence, "like Dr. Jekyll and

Frankenstein and that kind of thing. I mean more internally, as it were. There's a literary Cuthbert—how I do adore your work!—and there's a sort of ordinary Cuthbert for drawing-room use. While I think of it, would you like me to get a tea-gown like that one that you liked, you know? Yes? Well, I will. Ah, yes, I was talking about the inner life. Now it always seems to me that it is your literary life which is your inner life, and I want to get into that. I am more interested in it than words can tell. I don't want to blame you, but I feel that you don't talk to me quite enough about your literary work. I am sure that sometimes I could read a book for you which you were going to review; and then I could tell you whether it was good or bad; and then that would save you trouble. And sometimes, if you were writing poetry, and you couldn't get a rhyme or couldn't think of anything more to say, you could tell me, and we would puzzle it out together. Then we should be more intimate, as it were, shouldn't we, Cuthbert?"

"Dear brown hair!" replied Cuthbert, gently.

"Oh, but you must be sensible for one moment. We could work together at your writing, couldn't we?"

"Well, Alicia, I'm afraid that I'm rather difficult. I never could manage a literary partnership. But you must not think that I do not value your sympathy immensely; and I will tell you anything that is at all interesting or amusing about my work. Don't get into the way, though, of thinking that I care for nothing in the world but my work. The emotional side is as real as the intellectual side. You see, darling, you can't become an author at one leap, with no other motive than to please me. It is not as if you had written anything before. Besides, if you had married a barrister, for instance, you would not have wanted to read his briefs."

"Yes, I should, Cuthbert." She was growing earnest. "And it isn't kind to say that I would ever have married anybody except you. And I don't want to be entirely left out of the most important part of your life. You never asked me if I had written anything."

"Have you?"

"Yes, I did one, to see if I couldn't."

"One what?"

"One poem. It wasn't very hard. I'm not going to do any more, but I wanted to show you that I was more capable of understanding your inner life than you thought."

"And I may see it?"

"Yes," said Alicia, sweetly. "I wanted you to see it."

Now Cuthbert had one or two delusions about Alicia, but he never believed that she had genius or even unusual talent. However, it is easy enough to say a kind thing or two about any set of verses, and of course this particular set would have a value to Cuthbert apart from their literary merit. As for the rest, he was not afraid of any excessive interference in his work from Alicia. Undoubtedly, he would tell her more of his methods than he told to any one else; his desire for her sympathy was perfectly genuine. One or two practical experiments would show her that a part of what she wanted was neither possible nor desirable; and although Alicia was, on this particular subject, somewhat ignorant, she was not unreasonable nor unintelligent.

So she fetched the verses and gave them to him. He was to take them home to his chambers and tell her what he really thought. So he said good-night frequently, and finally left the house.

He was feeling energetic, and he walked back eastward. He was wildly delighted about Alicia, for he had never expected to win her. She was one of those essentially English girls that never give cause for hope until they remove the necessity for it. He loved her rather childish ways, and he thought her wish to be his literary partner as pretty as it was unpractical. It then occurred to him that he had been shockingly under-smoked all day. He pulled out his cigar-case.

He reached his rooms, stirred up the fire, lit his lamp, and settled himself in his easy-chair. He would read Alicia's poem—learn it by heart to please her—and then write her a letter about it. He had whiskey-and-soda by his side, and he was as comfortable as he wanted to be. Then he felt in his pocket for the poem. It was not there. He tried all his pockets, and it was not in any of them. Undoubtedly he had lost it—dropped it when he took out his cigar-case. And he had told her that her little poem should be guarded among his dearest treasures! He was, it occurred to him, a brute beast.

Simply to save her pain, he must never let her know of his carelessness. It would look as if he really despised her mind. It would torture her. So he wrote her a little note, commencing, "I cannot tell you what pleasure your poem has given me," which was the literal truth, and saying that he hoped that now he should be able to discuss his work more often. Her poem showed exquisite feeling. Her sympathy would always be his dearest encouragement. He added that he had been especially struck by the last verse. He stamped the letter and posted it. When he went to bed he felt that he was not only a brute but a liar. He slept very badly.

At breakfast next morning he found a short and agitated note from Alicia. "Please send back the poem at once. I do not want your opinion about it now. I have changed my mind, and I think I was unreasonable about your work. I won't interfere."

It occurred to him that he might possibly have dropped the poem in the hall at her house, and not in the street, and that this was a fiendishly feminine form of punishment. He now felt like a brute, a liar, and a detected criminal. He must call on Alicia at once; if his surmise was true, he must simply throw himself upon her mercy. If not, he must at least find out what was the matter. It was quite evident that something had happened. BARRY PAIN.

(*To be concluded.*)

INTERVIEW WITH MR. HALL CAINE.

BY RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.

I WAS not present at the dinner given to the author of 'The Scapegoat,' by the "Maccabeans," but I have heard many accounts of it, and all agree that a more impressive and memorable public appearance has not lately been made by a man of letters.

The speech has been printed and reprinted, and is now well known, but the manner of its delivery seems to have produced an effect in itself. Neither the substance, however, of what Hall Caine said on that occasion, nor the fervour of the saying of it, seems to me quite so remarkable

as the simple fact of his presence as a Christian receiving honour from an audience of the most cultivated Jews of London. I envy those who witnessed the scene, but I can easily imagine it. Hall Caine is one of the few literary men who can use the tongue as well as the pen. I do not consider him a first-rate after-dinner speaker; he is hardly light and easy enough for that; but in a set speech on a serious subject there are perhaps not many who can move an audience more deeply, and certainly his Jewish audience at St. James's Hall seems to have been profoundly moved. As a public speaker he reminded some of his Jewish hearers very strongly of Emil Franzos, the Jewish author of 'For the Right,' of whom it is said in Germany that if he had not been a great writer he must have been a great orator. And his is a striking personality. With the face of an Elizabethan, and with features that are strongly reminiscent of the best known portraits of Shakespeare, he yet possesses the fervid temperament and the passionate impetuosity and enthusiasm of the Celtic races. Even in the conversation of the study or the drawing-room he cannot restrain himself within the limits of ordinary hum-drum conventionalism. All the time he was talking to me he was progressing up and down the room with the restless fever of a caged lion, now and again stopping to nervously roll up a cigarette, at which he continuously and rapidly puffed the whole morning.

When I saw Hall Caine lately in his sweet little home among the mountains of the Lake Country he seemed in a quiet way to be proud of the honour the Jewish people had shown him, not only in England, but in Germany. "To have won the confidence of the Jews," he said, "is to stand, however unworthy, in the neglected shoes of Lessing." It is pretty well known that Mr. Caine takes serious views of the literary calling. I believe the light weights among the literary brethren talk of him as "sair hodden doon" by the burden of his message. I do not think that kind of criticism troubles him. He takes it for the chatter of folks who have nothing of their own to say. The talk turned in this direction on my recent visit, and Mr. Caine said much in his impassioned way that I should like to report. He began with enthusiastic approval of Mr. Gladstone's dictum that we are not witnessing any intellectual progress in England. Gladstone had said that the average men of the time of Elizabeth were mentally as strong as those of to-day. Mr. Caine said they were stronger, and proved his theory by arguments which struck me as new.

MR. HALL CAINE.

"Think of the plays of Shakspeare in relation to the audiences that first heard them," said he. "Take first their quality: they are loaded in every rift with ore, packed with thought, almost choked with epigram; the richest and most condensed style, the closest and most subtly-knit structure. Then take their length. They are at least twice as long as modern English plays, and are always greatly curtailed for representation nowadays. But the first audiences of Shakspeare must have heard every word of them, for it is not to be believed that so frugal a craftsman wrote one line to waste. The time of representation may have been longer in the days of Elizabeth, and there may have been no intervals between the acts, and there were certainly no delays with scenery; but put the limits of human endurance for the length of a performance at, say, four hours. Now could 'Hamlet' be spoken in four hours by modern actors? As a mere feat of utterance, it could certainly, but would any modern audience be able to follow it? Well, what is the inference? First that Betterton and his brethren spoke their lines about twice as fast as Mr. Irving, Mr. Barrett, and Mr. Beerbohm Tree, and next that the audiences that heard them and followed them and enjoyed their acting must have been quicker of apprehension than are the people of to-day."

"You are no believer in mental progress," I said, "but is it your opinion that ever since the great days you speak of there has been a mental retrogression in England?"

"I'm afraid," said he, "that the evidences point that way. We are speaking only of the average intelligence of the people so far as it concerns the appreciation of literature. Follow the evidences of history, and you'll see that we have no right to turn up our noses at the brain power of our ancestors. The test is a simple one. Ask yourself of what kind and what quality were the books and the plays that took the public by storm in the old days. Then ask yourself what the public thinks of those books now, and what it prefers before them. Make all the allowance you like for change of time and manners, and then face the absolute question of whether the essential brain stuff that went to the making of the public of former days was not greater than can be found and appealed to now."

"As to that," I said, "do you also agree with Mr. Gladstone that the literary mind in these times is running too much in the way of invention?"

"If by invention is meant novel-writing, yes," said Hall Caine. "It would be ungracious of me to depreciate my fellow-craftsmen, but surely nothing is plainer than that more people are writing novels than can invent a story. Invention, as Keats said, is the essence of imaginative art. Without it a novel is only gossip and observation. Mr. Gosse, in his tirade on the tyranny of the novel, has been recommending a development of that side of fiction which is purely observatory. Since the novel like Aaron's rod has eaten up all other forms of literary activity, let it give us knowledge. This is, I am sure, a mischievous theory. Rather let my friend Gosse tell the folks who cannot invent and can only observe, to write histories and treatises and tracts. The novel must not, and will not, be made a lesson book; the quality of imaginative writing always has, and always must depend on the originality of its invention and the strength of its passion, and the highest examples of the novelist's art are those in which the motive is freshest and the greatest number of the great passions are brought into play. Without invention and passion a book may have all the knowledge of the encyclopedias and yet be no novel. At the same time I go so far with Gosse as to think that the novelist should spare no pains to make his background right and true."

"Then what do you think," I asked, "is the most noticeable thing about modern fiction?"

"The most noticeable thing," said Mr. Caine, "seems to me, as I say, its lack of invention. Its observation is very remarkable indeed. Pictures of manners, descriptions of scenes, reproductions of local dialects, these are quite wonderful in the novels of to-day. Perhaps there never was a time when the secondary qualities of English fiction stood so high. But except in a few instances, invention, its very best quality, does not stand high, and passion is not great in it. The self-same story is told ten thousand times, the same characters are used to develop it, and the same motives

inspire it. A modern novel is too often like an Adelphi drama: you may go in at the third act, but you know your hero and villain at sight, and after a few minutes you can tell all that has gone before and will come after. Now the Adelphi drama story is a downright good one of its kind. Not one man out of a hundred thousand could make a better; and in like manner the conventional novel-story of the day is interesting and strong; it is the final deposit of the invention of a hundred years, but the genius of a novelist is shown in his power of breaking away from it."

"Well, and what do you think is the spirit of modern fiction?" I asked.

"Cynicism," he answered, "cynicism, I am sorry to say. There must be something in the spirit of the time which answers or appeals to it, and that partly, of course not entirely, accounts to me for the success of some modern books. Don't take things too seriously, laugh if you can at most solemn matters, if you daren't laugh try to sneer, but do it meekly and slily. That is the only message with which too much writing is 'sair hodden doon.' But to take no higher view it's a poor sort of policy. Cynicism is like envy, the blight of genius. Good work has never lived with it and never will. It cannot last, either. The big heart of the world is like the heart of a babe—as simple and as easily touched, but only by sentiment—honest, healthy sentiment. I know there is a little band of able younger writers to whom that word is like the red rag to the bull. They call it 'bleating' and heaven knows what else, and try to escape from the flabby thing into a sort of frantic paganism that sits on them rather strangely. Their splendid energy is thrown away—they need not be in a hurry. As Mr. Buchanan says: 'There is no sentiment in literature in these days to fly away from. I wish there were. We could very well do with more of the spirit of Dickens.'"

"But, perhaps," I said, "you are not making sufficient allowance for the natural and healthy craving of the public for light literature that shall really be light."

"Am I not?" said Hall Caine. "But cynicism is not the true ally of humour. Sentiment is that, and when the much-derided sentiment has been strongest in literature the humour has been richest and most natural. In Sterne, for example, and, again, in Goldsmith, not to go farther for examples. All I complain of in the humour of the day——"

"The new humour?" I interrupted.

"Goodness knows!" he answered—"is that it is not guileless enough; it is too knowing altogether, too wideawake. The modern jester jests with a wink and under his breath. However," he said, drawing up sharply, "you have led me into dangerous waters. THE BOOKMAN is a journal for men and women of letters, and the interview in its columns is a literary symposium where fellow-craftsmen may perhaps speak plainly in the interests of their calling, but I shall perhaps appear to attempt to criticise my brethren with an assumption of supernatural wisdom. That is a thing I do not love in other men when I am myself a victim of it."

"Is there much jealousy among literary men?" I asked.

"I dare say there is, but there is more good fellowship. I admire nothing more than the hearty appreciativeness of some writing men to the work of their contemporaries. To read Mr. Watts on Tennyson, Mr. Swinburne on Browning, Mr. Dowden on Mr. Meredith, Mr. Lang on Mr. Haggard, Mr. James on Mr. Kipling, Mr. Nicoll on Mr. Barrie, Mr. Minto on Q, Mr. Colvin on Mr. Stevenson, and, above all, Mr. Besant on anybody and everybody who can write a good book—is to be invigorated as by a tonic. Enthusiasm is a true factor in criticism, and is not so rare as it used to be. Let us forgive it if it knows no proportion. The motto of the old *Edinburgh Review* has much to answer for in the opposite direction. There is really far less of petty jealousy among the first-rate men than the critics suppose. Of actual operative rivalry—the rivalry that would inflict pecuniary injury—there is absolutely none at all. Within the home of letters there has always been room enough for everybody who wears the wedding garment; it is only among the crowd outside the door that there has ever been any crushing and scrambling."

"A last question, Mr. Caine. Have you read the 'London Editor' on 'Authors and Authorship'?"

"I have, and there is some truth in the contention that much book literature is bad and much newspaper literature good, but the foundation of the Society of Authors is down on the bed rock of common sense. Whether books are good or bad, if they are bought they should be paid for. Money need not be the first aim in the life of an author, but if he has earned it he has an indubitable right to it. Literature brings its own reward, but that is hardly a reason why it should not bring its trade profits also. I hear Mr. Stevenson has been saying something different. All right. The allurements of money may attract many who have no right in the profession of letters, and must inevitably fail in it. Also it may sometimes corrupt the true literary man. But there is no real danger that the money end will obscure the artistic aim. So, great luck to Besant and his people!"

I have reproduced the substance of my talk with Hall Caine, omitting much that it would have been a pleasure to print. A long comparison of the rustics of Mr. Hardy with those of Mr. Blackmore and of Mr. T. E. Brown, and a trenchant criticism of 'Tess,' on the score of its motif, which was said to be an intention of proving that the rule of the world was based not on justice, but anarchy. The author of 'The Scapegoat' is certainly a man of ideas, and no account of his gifts would be adequate that did not make its reckoning with a very strong personality.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between May 15th and June 15th, 1892:—

LONDON, WEST CENTRAL.

1. David Grieve, by Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
2. Spanish Story of the Armada, by Froude. 12s. (Longman.)
3. The Scapegoat, by Hall Caine. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
4. I saw Three Ships, by Q. 6s. (Cassell.)
5. The Princess Mazaroff, by Joseph Hatton. 3s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)
6. Grass of Parnassus, by Andrew Lang. New and enlarged edition. 2s. 6d. net. (Longman.)

LONDON, EAST CENTRAL.

1. Inspiration, by J. Clifford. 1s. (Clarke.)
2. Thorold (Bishop), Questions of Faith and Duty. 5s. (Isbister.)
3. Farrar (Archdeacon), Voice from Sinai. 5s. (Isbister.)
4. Birrell, A. Res Judicatae. 5s. (Stock.)
5. Suffering London, by Hake. 3s. 6d. (Scientific Press.)
6. Farrar (Archdeacon), Darkness and Dawn. 7s. 6d. (Longman.)

LIVERPOOL.

1. David Grieve. 6s. (Smith, Elder & Co.)
2. The Scapegoat. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
3. Nicholas Nickleby. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
4. In Starry Realms, by Sir Robert Ball. 7s. 6d. (Isbister.)
5. The Atlantic Ferry, by Macginnis. 7s. 6d. (Whittaker.)
6. Lord Brassey's Naval Annual. 12s. 6d. (Griffin & Co.)

EDINBURGH.

1. The Scapegoat, by Hall Caine. 3s. 6d. Cheap edition. (W. Heinemann.)
2. David Grieve, by Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s. (Smith, Elder & Co.)
3. Barrack Room Ballads, by Rudyard Kipling. 6s. (Methuen & Co.)
4. The Face of the Deep, by Christina Rossetti. 7s. 6d. (Christian Knowledge Society.)
5. The Teaching of Jesus, by Hans H. Wendt, D.D. Vol 1. 10s. 6d. (T. & T. Clark.)
6. The Old Testament in the Jewish Church, by W. Robertson Smith. New edition enlarged. 10s. 6d. (A. & C. Black.)

GLASGOW.

1. The Face of the Deep, by Christina G. Rossetti. (S.P.C.K.)
2. The Teaching of Jesus, by Dr. Wendt. Vol. 1. (Clark.)

3. Aids to Devout Study of Criticism, by Dr. Cheyne. (Fisher Unwin.)
4. To my Younger Brethren, by H. C. G. Moule, M.A. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
5. Darkness and Dawn, by F. W. Farrar. (Longman.)
6. Andrew Lang's Books. New edition. (Longman.)
7. Gilmour of Mongolia. (Tract Society.)

BRADFORD.

1. David Grieve. Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
2. The Scapegoat. Hall Caine. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
3. Res Judicatae. Birrell. 5s. (Stock.)
4. Nicholas Nickleby. New edition. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
5. Old Testament in the Jewish Church. Smith. 10s. 6d. (Black.)
6. Republic of Plato. (Golden Treasury Series.) 2s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

ABERDEEN.

1. Nicholas Nickleby. 3s. 6d.
2. Cassell's Academy Pictures, 1892: Cloth, 6s.
3. David Grieve. Cheaper edition, 6s.
4. Essays and Sermons, by the late Rev. Wm. Robertson. Sprouston. 5s. 6d.
5. The Bible, the Church, and the Reason, by Dr. Briggs. 6s. 6d.
6. Village Sermons, by Dean Church. 6s.

BURNLEY.

1. David Grieve, by Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s. (Smith, Elder.) This book is not giving its readers nearly the satisfaction and pleasure that 'Robert Elsmere' gave.
2. The Scapegoat, by Hall Caine. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
3. Academy Pictures. 1s. (Cassell.) *Pall Mall* and *Black and White*. Very large demand for all these at 1s. net.
4. The Eight Hours Day, by Webb. 1s. (Walter Scott.)
5. Max Hereford's Dream, by Edna Lyall. 6d. (Simpkin & Co.)
6. Carlyle's Past and Present and Latter Day Pamphlets. 1s. edition. (Chapman and Hall.)
7. Nasmyth's Cotton Spinning. 6s. (Heywood.)
8. Black's Daughter of Heth. 2s. 6d. (Sampson Low & Co.)

MR. STOTT'S SCHEME OF ASSURANCE.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

DEAR SIR,—Noting your remarks in the last issue of THE BOOKMAN respecting Mr. Stott's scheme of assurance, I beg to say that Mr. Stott took much trouble in the matter, and at length succeeded in arranging with the Standard Life Assurance Company a method that appeared to the Council of the London Booksellers' Society to offer very considerable advantages to any booksellers or assistants who might desire to avail themselves of it.

Many hundreds of circulars were sent out, accompanied by forms of proposal, one of which I enclose. From the tables printed thereon you will see that for a very moderate premium an annuity to commence at sixty years of age, and £200 at death, could be secured.

Mr. Stott's trouble and the cost of printing and postage were entirely wasted, for, so far as I know, not one proposal was made!

No one pointed out defects in the scheme. We must therefore conclude that all booksellers and their assistants have already provided for their old age; or that they do not wish to do so; or that they are so badly off that they cannot undertake the payment of a small sum yearly. It is not for me to express an opinion as to which of these is the most likely; but after such experience it seems evident that those booksellers who attack "The Provident Institution" for the manner in which its funds are distributed have little ground for complaint. They have had an opportunity of obtaining for themselves, under very favourable circumstances, a *certain* annuity and a *certain* payment of £200 to their representatives whenever their death may occur, but they have declined the arrangement. Why, therefore, should the Booksellers' Provident Institution alter its mode of procedure to provide exactly what the booksellers have so recently, by their action, shown that they have no need of, or that they are unwilling or unable to pay for?—I remain, yours truly,

T. BURLEIGH,
Honorary Secretary, L. B. Society.

Queen's-road, Wimbledon.
June 4th, 1892.

NEW BOOKS.

THE SPANISH STORY OF THE ARMADA.*

The Historical Essays of the late illustrious Regius Professor of Modern History, which everybody was reading when the news of his sudden death turned their buoyant freshness into mockery, have been followed, almost as rapidly as his Chair was filled, by a volume of Historical Essays from his successor. The comparison is in various ways instructive; the more so that it cannot have been foreseen. Divergence begins with the very table of contents, which in the earlier volume bristles with names and dates specifying the time and place of the original publication of each Essay, while in the later the same table is a picture of neat brevity and elegant reserve, and some research is necessary to discover these details, which in some instances, indeed, successfully elude it. We are not finding fault, but pointing out characteristic traits of two minds as profoundly, as picturesquely, unlike as any two which ever concerned themselves with history in the same generation. May we add that the same contrast is repeated in an accentuated form at the other end of the two books, in so far as Professor Froude has refrained from defacing his with that hideous concession to utility, an index?

For the rest, while both books contain abundance both of reading and of observation, the part which these two modes of intellectual activity play is wholly and characteristically unlike. In Freeman's work they are intimately fused, they kindle and re-kindle one another, each is alternately spark and flame, fruit and seed. When he is dealing with questions apparently resting altogether on diplomatic or literary evidence, he continually calls in his illumining knowledge of sites and scenes; if he is precluded from this, he becomes obviously ill at ease. Professor Froude, on the other hand, is never so felicitous as when he is simply clothing in choice English a dramatic story which can be gathered entire from authentic literary sources; and though it certainly cannot be said that the observing eye has contributed nothing to such studies, what it has contributed is as a rule rather ornament than structure,—the brilliant local touches which allure the hesitant reader at the outset or beguile him by the way, rather than those flashes of informed perception which at once open up vistas of unexpected fact in the obscurity of the written record. The four papers in this volume which are essentially founded upon literary material have no lack of the former kind of brilliance; on the other hand, the two final papers, on Norway fjords, which are primarily founded on observation, are not very remarkable for the book-knowledge which in Freeman was its never-failing satellite. It is true that Professor Froude speaks of these papers apologetically as the "diaries of his idleness," but it is impossible to help contrasting his easily superficial study of Norway from the deck of a luxurious steam-yacht, with his predecessor's tireless explorations of nooks and byways, of dusty recesses and neglected corners, of silent belfry and disused crypt. We do not at all wish to ignore the difference between play and work; but good play is after all not merely a relaxation of faculty, and when a distinguished worker publishes the result of his play, it is fair to demand something more than the leavings of his intellect. Even the play of an illustrious historian hardly needs to be put on record if it is but as the play of the average man. And we fear that it must be said

* 'The Spanish Story of the Armada, and other Essays.' By J. A. Froude. (Longmans.)

that these holiday narratives are, in information, if not below the average book of Norwegian travel, yet much below the better specimens of the class. It is true, they are written with no lack of unstudied picturesque charm and with much kindly sympathy; and various pleasant rencontres with natives took place when a little time could be spared from fishing. On these occasions Professor Froude often compares to advantage with his companions. It is edifying, for instance, to hear him reply to a lady, "one of our party," who wondered "whether there was any chance of the Norwegians attaining a higher civilisation." "I asked her to define civilisation. Did industry, skill, energy, sufficient food and raiment, sound practical education and piety which believes without asking questions, constitute civilisation? and would luxury, newspapers, and mechanics' institutes mean a higher civilisation?" But an English yachting party provides an effective background for such remarks; and the truism, with that setting, acquires the air of an impressive truth. Much of the information disclosed is curiously elementary, and one wonders for whom it was set down; some is rather misleading. When we read, of the fjords, that "from the west coast there run inland with a general easterly direction ten or twelve main channels of sea, penetrating from fifty to a hundred miles into the very heart of the Northern Peninsula. They are of vast depth, and from half a mile to two miles broad," etc.—we suspect that we have strayed into a class-book of elementary geography; and when we learn that "nine-tenths of the country . . . . are so walled off by mountains, so intrenched among the fjords, as to be for ever unapproachable by land, while the water-highways [the fjords] lead everywhere," we understand that the study even of this country from a ship-deck has its illusions as well as its conveniences. In the Geisanger we are told that "the clever bönder [bönder is a plural] had carried up a wire, like a telegraph wire, from his courtyard to a projecting point of mountain," for the transit of grass. There are scores, however, of these "clever bönders" in the deep valleys above the fjords. A curious description is given of a novel thought too unknown to have its name or author specified, but in which the reader easily divines Kjelland's 'Skipper Worse.' And, lastly, let us add that the frequent place-name Odde is the common Norwegian word for a "point" or "headland," and has nothing to do with "Odin."

Of the remaining contents of the book, three essays are outgrowths of Professor Froude's History. The first, 'The Spanish Story of the Armada,' supplements the familiar narrative with the new information from Spanish archives, first rendered accessible by Captain Duro's 'La Armada Invencible.' It is a striking and brilliant narrative. The wretched combination of bungling, parsimony, and ill-luck, which delayed the effective start of the Armada from April to August; the dissensions in the Spanish fleet; the gathering contempt for the "short, good-humoured, and entirely incapable" Medina Sidonia, who, as Mr. Froude puts it, played Sancho to his master's Quixote, in the great enterprise thrust upon him; the five days' fighting in the Channel, already known from English sources as to its concrete effects, but not as to its moral effects upon the Spanish sailors and soldiers; the flight northwards, the Atlantic storms, the fortunes of the miserable remnants in the wilds of Ireland, where cupidity and involuntary friendship for the enemies of England caused them to be alternately robbed and befriended; the ignominious return of the duke and the mildness of the king;—all this is told with a completeness not before possible, and with the narrative power to be expected of Mr. Froude. The article on Antonio Perez, which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*, April, 1883, is a new interpretation, not without plausibility, of the relations between Philip and Perez in the murder of Escovedo, on the basis of the more favourable estimate of Philip which Mr. Froude has advanced elsewhere. The lectures on the Templars, delivered in Edinburgh in 1885, tell once more the scandalous history of their suppression, in a popular way, on the basis of Michelet's 'Procès des Templiers.' Like the other papers in the volume, it has been reprinted, it would seem, intact, and one could have wished for some reference to the voluminous literature which has grown up about the subject, in part since that date, in particular to Schottmüller's monograph, *Der Untergang des Templerordens*.

C. H. HERFORD.

SIGHT AND SONG.*

This interesting, suggestive, and thoroughly unsatisfactory book is a new instance of the growing tendency to make the critical faculty do the work of the creative. "The aim of this little volume is, as far as may be," says the preface, "to translate into verse what the lines and colours of certain chosen pictures sing in themselves; to express not so much what these pictures are to the poet, but rather what poetry they objectively incarnate." That is to say, the two ladies who hide themselves behind the pen-name of Michael Field have set to work to observe and interpret a number of pictures, instead of singing out of their own hearts and setting to music their own souls. They have poetic feeling and imagination in abundance, and yet they have preferred to work with the studious and interpretive side of the mind and write a guide-book to the picture galleries of Europe, instead of giving us a book full of the emotions and fancies which must be crowding in upon their minds perpetually. They seem to have thought it incumbent upon them to do something serious, something worthy of an age of text-books, something that would have uniformity and deliberate intention, and be in no wise given over to that unprincipled daughter of whim and desire whom we call imagination.

We open the book at a venture, and come to a poem on Benozzo Gozzoli's 'Treading the Press.'

"From the trellis hang the grapes
Purple deep;
Maidens with white, curving napes
And coiled hair backward leap,
As they catch the fruit, mid laughter,
Cut from every silvan rafter.

Baskets, over-filled with fruit,
From their heads
Down into the press they shoot
A white-clad peasant treads,
Firmly crimson circles smashing
Into must with his feet's thrashing.

Wild and rich the oozings pour
From the press;
Leaner grows the tangled store
Of vintage, ever less:
Wine that kindles and entrances
Thus is made by one who dances."

The last couplet has some faint shadow of poetry, perhaps, but as for the rest—well, it is neither more nor less than 'The Spanish Gypsey' again. It is impossible not to respect it, impossible not to admire the careful massing of detail, but no man will ever feel his eyes suffuse with tears or his heart leap with joy when he reads it. There are scores of other verses in the book which are as like it as one pea is to another. None of them have any sustained music, for music is the garment of emotion and passion, but all are well put together with carefully chosen rhymes, out of the way adjectives and phrases full of minute observation. Having looked in vain for anything conspicuously better or worse than the lines we have quoted, we open the book again at a venture, and find a poem on Cosimo Tura's 'St. Jerome.' We quote the first two stanzas:—

"Saint Jerome kneels within the wilderness;
Along the cavern's sandy channels press
The flowings of deep water. On one knee,
On one foot he rests his weight—
A foot that rather seems to be
The clawed base of a pillar past all date
Than prop of flesh and bone;
About his sallow, osseous frame
A cinder-coloured cloak is thrown
For ample emblem of his shame.

Grey are the hollowed rocks, grey is his head
And grey his beard, formal and as dread
As some Assyrian's on a monument,
From the chin is sloping down.
O'er his tonsure heaven has bent
A solid disc of unillumined brown;
His scarlet hat is flung
Low on the pebbles by a shoot
Of tiny nightshade that among
The pebbles has maintained a root."

* 'Sight and Song.' By Michael Field. (Elkin Mathews and John Lane.)

These stanzas do not contain a single commonplace simile or trite adjective, the authors even prefer "osseous" to "bony" in their search for the unexpected. There is intellectual agility in every sentence, and yet of what account are these verses, or any number like them? What new thing do they bring into the world? They are simply unmitigated guide-book.

One regrets the faults of this book the more because they are faults which have for some time been growing on "Michael Field." 'Callirhoe' had imagination and fancy in plenty, and we hoped its authors would in time get more music and less crudity and at last create a poem of genius. A few years later 'Brutus Ultor' came and almost crowned our hopes, but now we have watched and waited for a long time in vain. 'Sight and Song,' following as it does 'The Tragic Mary,' is enough to make us turn our eyes for ever from the "false dawn" we believed to be the coming day.

W. B. YEATS.

LETTERS OF SAMUEL JOHNSON.*

These two volumes are the fulfilment of a promise made by Mr. Hill when he published his great edition of 'Boswell's Life' five years ago. He announced then that he meant to collect and annotate all the letters not included in the 'Life.' Judging from the results, a great part of the interval must have been spent in this pious work. What is the secret of it—of Johnson's fascination? How is it that a man for whom work was an evil, of which he desired to have as little as possible, however manfully he did what was forced upon him, has inspired so many good men and true to spend their best energies on his behalf? Mr. Hill's zeal and industry is really more wonderful than Boswell's, for Boswell had the stimulus of personal acquaintance, besides the artist's triumphant consciousness of building up an original character.

"But how can he expect that others should
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all?"

Perhaps the secret lies here, in the touch of magnanimity that made Johnson careless of reputation, except in so far as it could be honestly won by the performance of appointed tasks. He that loveth to have his life written shall have no Boswell. He that loveth to have his letters collected and annotated shall have no Birkbeck Hill. The letters themselves—even those to Mrs. Thrale—with all their good sense, kindliness, humorous tenderness, and occasional flashes of wit, are—will Mr. Hill pardon us for saying so?—of no very eminent merit as letters. They are characteristic enough, and therefore will confirm the Johnson-lover; they can hardly make converts. Why this is so I will try to show presently. But first let it be acknowledged that the two volumes, with the annotations, are excellent reading. The notes are always independently entertaining, and often they clothe with interest scraps that without them would be as dry as the bones in Ezekiel's valley. Let us take an instance or two. On August 4, 1777, Johnson writes to Mrs. Thrale: "I believe it was after I left your house that I received a pot of orange marmalade from Mrs. Boswell. We have now, I hope, made it up. *I have not opened my pot.*" This is a bare fact enough, and one might easily pass it over. But Mr. Hill appends a note that gives it significance. It seems that in acknowledging this same pot of marmalade a fortnight earlier, on July 22nd, he wrote to Mrs. Boswell: "Though I am well enough pleased with the taste of sweetmeats, very little of the pleasure which I received at the arrival of your jar of marmalade arose from eating it." Very little indeed, if he had not opened the pot. So it would appear that the courteous old moralist was not puritanically punctilious when a slight departure from the scrupulous truth helped the turn of a pretty saying. He had none of the bear, as Goldsmith said, except the skin. On July 9th, 1881, Johnson wrote to Miss Burney: "Pray let these books be sent after the former to the gentleman whose name I do not know." This is the whole letter, and it is not much for edification or exhilaration. Mr. Hill's note is ten times as long, but it gives the name of the gentleman who thus received a complete set of the 'Lives' as a present, and gives also some most amusing particulars about him. He had previously received as a Johnsonian relic, from Dr. Burney, some bristles off the learned doctor's hearth-broom, and it was on hearing this that Johnson presented his worshipper with a worthier memorial. "Do you go to the house where they write for the myrtle?" asks Johnson in a letter to Mrs. Thrale. How many would be much the wiser for this allusion without the extracts, which Mr. Hill quotes from Walpole and Miss Burney, describing an eccentric figure in the literary society of the time, a type of patroness that will probably never become quite extinct? *Apropos* of a letter about a riding-master whom Johnson wished to settle at Oxford, and did his best to recommend, Mr. Hill gives the entertaining history of a bequest for a riding-school which lay dormant and accumulating till, thirty years ago, it was applied to the erection of a laboratory. A casual reference in one of the letters to proposals of Strahan, the printer, concerning the Clarendon Press, is made an excuse for a long history of that institution, which, considering how much Johnson was interested in printing and publishing, and the fact that these volumes issue from the Clarendon Press, is surely perfectly appropriate. And so on, and so on. In every page Mr. Hill's industry is exercised with the happiest results.

Johnson's letters are good letters to annotate, because they need annotation, and this, perhaps, partly accounts for Mr. Hill's delight in them; but, without the notes, one would soon tire of them. I cannot agree with Mr. Hill, that they entitle Johnson to a high place among letter-writers. The business letters are models of brevity, clearness, and straightforwardness; and the more copious letters to Mrs. Thrale, Dr. Taylor, and one or two other old friends, show the writer in a most amiable light, and bear unequivocal testimony to the strength of his attachments and of his understanding. His ironic humour is often as happy as it is spontaneous, though the fun that he makes at the expense of Dr. Taylor and his big bull is somewhat too obvious to deserve all the praise that has been heaped upon it. It is genuine fun, no doubt; but one might say of it something like what the humourist himself said of Addison's Angel, that if nineteen out of twenty visitors to the cattle-breeding clergyman had in their letters home missed the humour of that bull and the would-be tenant's impolitic remark, they deserved never to be allowed to travel from home again. Macaulay had a theory that in his familiar letters Johnson wrote simple English, and that when he wrote for publication he translated the same thoughts into stiff and formal Johnsonese. He supported this plausibly with a passage to Mrs. Thrale about "a dirty fellow bouncing out of a bed," who became transformed, in the published 'Journal,' into "a man black as Cyclops from the forge." But this was really generalising from a single instance, or at most from a few. Johnson is a trifle more stately and dignified when he addresses the public, a little more compactly epigrammatic; but neither in structure nor in diction does he lay aside his literary habit in his private letters, and one might quote Johnsonese from them as easily as from the 'Lives of the Poets.' But it is not the form that condemns his letters, but the meagreness and the monotony of the matter, except when he is travelling, on observation bent. At other times he is always complaining that he has nothing to write about. He reminds Mrs. Thrale that "the variations of life consist of little things," and urges her again and again to write about little things; but when he goes to Lichfield he recks not his own rede, and because there have been "no revolutions in Lichfield," and he has described everybody there already, he has nothing new to relate, and accordingly relates nothing. This is not the true spirit of a letter-writer. The truth would seem to be that he wrote to Mrs. Thrale only enough to establish a claim to a reply. He liked to read gossipy letters, but he would not write them. He often dined with interesting people, but he is content to mention the bare fact, and who, one might ask in his own strain, cares to know where a man dined, or with whom, if he does not tell us what they ate or what was said? It is open, however, for the annotator to make up for the defects of the letter-writer, and accordingly Mr. Hill's collection is most entertaining. Every lover of Johnson and of English literature should be grateful for it.

W. MINTO.

* 'Letters of Samuel Johnson.' Collected and Edited by G. Birkbeck Hill, Oxford: at the Clarendon Press.

THE ISTHMIAN ODES OF PINDAR.*

Horace in a famous passage asserts that as a lyric poet Pindar is beyond imitation. None the less Pindar is rarely read, for the simple reason that he is by no means easy to read. His dialect, his strange words and startling metaphors, the perpetual references to long-forgotten stories of mythology, and the abrupt transitions of thought in which he indulges, are all hindrances, which the ordinary student finds it difficult to surmount. His new editor, Mr. Bury, has not made him easier. He has brought to bear on his task industry, erudition, and scholarship of the highest order, but unhappily he lacks that "saving common-sense" which is the first requisite even in classical study.

It has usually been assumed that, when Pindar received a commission to write an Ode in honour of some victor in the Greek games, he set about his business of "mingling honeyed song" according to a fairly well-known recipe, which prescribed that about one-half should consist of personal allusions to the victor, his city, country, and relatives, with which are interwoven short sententious remarks on "glory," "poetry," "perseverance," and the like, while the other half, by a usage which was probably stereotyped, consisted of some mythical story connected with either the victor or his city, and which either pointedly compared him with some great mythical hero, or at any rate served the general purpose of associating his name with the names of the mighty past, while affording the poet some field for the display of his talents. The general meaning of such an Ode will be at any rate fairly clear, but it is obvious that after the lapse of 2,000 years we shall miss many minute points and subtle allusions, which to the intimate friends of the recipient may have been exceedingly interesting. Of course the greater our knowledge of antiquity the greater our power to grasp the full meaning of each Ode, and Mr. Bury's Introductions afford students every possible help for enabling them to do so. Unfortunately, however, he is not contented with this. To him Pindar is not merely a great poet, but also the ingenious author of a series of cryptograms: "there are more secrets," he says, "in Pindar than in any other writer." In this view Mr. Bury is not echoing the general opinion of perplexed schoolboys, but expressing his own conversion to the views put forward in 1880 by F. Mezger. This critic is the author of a theory that in Pindar there is a mysterious system of "signalling," by which a word or syllable used in one part of an Ode is repeated or "echoed" in another part, and that, when in obedience to this "signal" or "echo" we bring these two parts together, as they approximate there flashes forth a sort of electric spark which illuminates what before was total darkness. That such "signalling" does exist there can be no doubt: parallelism in thought finds natural expression in parallelism in language, and, where in an Ode to a living hero a legend is introduced, similar phrases will naturally be used of the legendary hero and his living counterpart. Thus in the Fifth Isthmian we have:—

l. 3. ἐνάθλου γενεᾶς ὕπερ ἐν Νεμέᾳ μὲν πρῶτον

l. 48. ὃν παμπρῶτον ἀέθλων κτεῖνά ποτ' ἐν Νεμέᾳ.

The first victorious labour of Hercules was performed at Nemea, and the first victory of the family Pindar is celebrating was won at Nemea. The parallelism is clear and its point obvious. But common sense is needed, and to argue from the mere repetition of a word that some point is intended by it is absurd. Such repetition is a natural failing of humanity, as we all discover every day in reading over a hastily-penned letter; in poetry the necessities of rhyme or metre tend to make the repetition of a convenient word more frequent than in prose. But Mezger, having invented a theory, is naturally blind to simple facts, and Mezger's disciple, with the usual zeal of disciples, goes far beyond his master, and discovers much his teacher never detected. The master took a magnifying-glass, his disciple has used a microscope, and to those who have only their natural eyes the results are amazing.

It is impossible in a brief space to examine details, but the whole of the Introduction to the First Ode is full of marvels. Here is one instance. The father of the victor was called Asopodorus, and Pindar refers to the "fortune (αἶσαν) of Asopodorus": Mr. Bury chooses to render αἶσαν as "omen," and then proceeds to search for "the omen of Asopodorus." This he finds *thirty lines* further on in the words τὸ σεσωπαμένον ("that which is not spoken of"), and asserts that the letters σωπ are a reference to the same letters in the father's name—"silence," he writes, "symbolic of a becoming reserve, is the omen of Apollodorus; it may not be ill, Pindar seems to say, if the son too adopt it as a maxim." This is sheer nonsense. The practice of punning on names is frequent, and in antiquity was often used seriously, but the essence of a pun is that it should attract attention, and a pun, which is only unearthed after twenty centuries, is naturally looked on with suspicion, while the moral maxim which this pun serves to inculcate can now, we fear, but little avail the young gentleman for whom it was originally intended, though perhaps it may still benefit some athletic undergraduate, if any such ever read Pindar. This same Apollodorus, who went about as a living "symbol of becoming reserve," is also mentioned in connection with misfortune and an "immeasurable sea." Most critics consider that Pindar is speaking metaphorically of a "sea of troubles." Mr. Bury is not to be put off. He of course refers to the mysterious relation between the word "sea" and the "sea-dividing Isthmus" at which victory had been won, and the word "immeasurable" is brought by "signalling" into relation with a phrase in which Pindar—somewhat conventionally—apologises for not giving all the victor's triumphs in detail by referring to the "short measure" of his Ode, and we are taught to see another delicate hint to the young athlete on the value of "measure" or "modesty." But this is not all. Hercules happens to be mentioned, and is described as "Hercules at whom the hounds of Geryones shuddered." Mr. Bury immediately finds a "signal" from the line where Hercules is mentioned to the line where Apollodorus is mentioned. Hercules is therefore parallel to Asopodorus, and as Hercules conquered Geryones in Spain therefore Asopodorus suffered shipwreck in Spain, and the "immeasurable sea" at once "clearly" (*sic*) becomes the Atlantic Ocean, and this estimable Theban is described by his intimate acquaintance the editor as "a trader whose ships venturing beyond the Western straits into the 'immeasurable Atlantic' were wrecked there." Defoe could hardly surpass this, though possibly his vivid realism would recoil from what follows. The phrase "dogs of Geryones" is a stumbling-block to the learned, for Geryones had only *one* dog, and therefore the Scholiast genially accuses Pindar of exaggerating. Mr. Bury, however, has discovered that some Greek writer describes the dog as "two-headed," while "a Cyprian relief" represents him with three heads, and "therefore," he writes, "we can understand that Pindar might have regarded the dog as in a certain sense plural." Comment is superfluous.

There is in this book the making of a good book, but the editor must learn to distinguish between facts and fancies. Not all the industry, erudition, and imaginative genius in the world can compensate for the absence of sound judgment, or turn a dog with three heads into three dogs or into a dog which Pindar might have regarded "as in a certain sense plural." Nor is it likely that there exists a key to the meaning of Pindar's Odes which has been undiscovered since the day when they were written. Since publishing the Nemean Odes Mr. Bury seems to have had some doubts himself, for in the present edition he suggests that some of these signals "were not intended to be audible," and that they are most of them "invisible signals which the student discovers only by curious attention, and which do not, and are not meant to, contribute to the artistic effect of the poem." Might not the consideration of these inaudible and invisible signals cease to encumber this excellent edition, or at any rate be relegated to the congenial oblivion of an Appendix? Apart from everything else, how much valuable time would be saved. For, after all, twelve closely printed octavo pages of Introduction and eleven of notes on an Ode (the second) forty-eight lines long suggest that there must be something strangely wrong about the poet, the editor, or the average duration of human life.

T. E. PAGE.

* 'The Isthmian Odes of Pindar.' Edited by J. B. Bury, Fellow of Trinity Coll., Dublin. (Macmillan and Co. 1892.) 10s. 6d.

THE BOOK OF JOB.*

Another book on Job has to justify itself by being in some good sense a new book. Dr. Watson's work has this justification. Earlier writers have made the language of Job clear, signalized the tragic elements in the patriarch's life and experience, and elucidated his problems so far as they were distinctively religious, and the present author has entered into their labours; it was left for himself to seize the problems more on their philosophical or speculative side, and translate them into the language of modern thinking. However antique in outward garb Job be, no book is so modern. None ever so anticipated the questions that engage earnest minds to-day; and for an old-world book nothing is so astonishing as the step its author took towards stating the problems that engaged his attention in their universalistic form, by throwing the scene of his tragedy into an undefinable locality, and making the actors in it men strangers to the commonwealth of Israel. Such a book could not have found a more sympathetic expounder than Dr. Watson. His familiarity with religious philosophical literature, particularly that of this time, is great, and his pages are enlivened and enriched by many criticisms of it, both keen and stimulating, with the view of illustrating, either by analogy or opposition, the ideas in Job. His own writing is polished and incisive, and every page sparkles with gems of thought and language sharply cut and brilliant.

Specimens of Dr. Watson's exposition are difficult to excerpt, his book must be read. His identification of the land of Uz with the Djowf of Palgrave—fabulosus Hydaspes—is ingenious. We suspect that Uz is a sort of Weissnichtwo; the author of Job was designedly indefinite; a situation that could be identified would have been fatal to the illusion of his ideal creation. Very just because reserved is the writer's conception of the Satan of the book, though possibly even he goes too far in ascribing bad qualities to him. It may be doubted if in the mind of the author of Job Satan was even a cynic. He has no personal characteristics as yet beyond instinctive assiduity. With reverence be it spoken: the Satan of the Old Testament is a sheep-dog, over-officious in his calling and needing to be a good deal sworn at. The Lord's rebuke of him goes more to our heart than twenty positive declarations of his mercy; it is the inward recoil of his own heart from the trials which he sees to be needful for the discipline of his children. There is no dualism in the Old Testament: the Lord reigneth, let the earth be glad. Hence the Satan disappears and no place is found for him in the *dénouement*. Some writers have impugned the dramatic consistency of Job, and insisted that the book should have ended by causing Satan to appear, and casting in his teeth the failure of his confident prophecy and making him acknowledge it. Such a view is so foolish that only ignorance can explain and excuse it.

The successive problems of the Book are acutely discussed by Dr. Watson as they arise, notably the question of evil or suffering. Job asks where shall wisdom be found? There is a certain air about Dr. Watson's work as if he had found it. Certainly his treatment of this question is thoughtful and worthy of careful reading, though his theory looks as if it pulled in opposite directions. The author of Job had no solution. He leaves his hero bankrupt in speculation, but rich in resignation and faith in God. The arguments of Job's friends are subjected in Dr. Watson's pages to a ruthless dissection, and not seldom these persons appear hoist with their own petard. It is an interesting question what the relation of the author of Job was to those speeches put by him into the mouth of the friends. We suspect they largely expressed his own opinions. The friends were not men of straw. Altogether a theory of the book is hard to form, but Dr. Watson's work is a most acceptable contribution worthy of the most attentive study and helpful in the highest sense.

A. B. DAVIDSON.

* 'The Book of Job.' By Robert A. Watson, D.D. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1892. (Expositor's Bible.)

BURNET'S EARLY GREEK PHILOSOPHY.*

Was there room for yet another history of Early Greek Philosophy? An old master like Zeller might be forgiven issuing a new edition even with aggravating alterations, but ought we not to resent the intrusion of a new hand as a mere superfluity of exposition? Was it not enough that we had the readable and awakening, if not always rigidly accurate, Ferrier; the lucid and masculine Ritter; the clean-sweeping and veteran Zeller; not to mention Hegel's skilful introduction to his own philosophy under the name of a history of previous systems? Experts will with one voice reply that ancient Greek philosophy is precisely one of those fields in which, notwithstanding the diligence of previous harvesters, far richer gains may be gathered in by those who wait upon and follow up the subsoil ploughing, breaking, cleaning, and fertilizing that have been applied by modern critical methods. Quite justly does Mr. Burnet claim that "there are few branches of philology in which more progress has been made in the last twenty years, and the results of that progress have not yet been made accessible to the English reader." The fact is that the beginnings of Greek philosophy, dating from the earliest years of the sixth century B.C., are not readily discerned with clearness. It is during that century that we must place the "floruit" of Thales, Anaximander, Anaximenes, Xenophanes, Herakleitos, Pythagoras, and others whose names recall the genesis of Greek thought and its eager youth. But that is a long time ago, and naturally only fragments of their writings remain, a clause imbedded in the writings of an opponent like a cannon shot in an old castle, a phrase that has been handed down as an heirloom among more or less docile disciples. Sometimes, as partly in the case of Herakleitos, the author in whose writings the fragments have been preserved has himself been discovered only in recent years. But the discovery of a saying or an opinion that professes to be genuine is but the beginning of toil. For by what alchemy shall the critic evaporate the dross and leave the gold, or through the misrepresentations of a disciple penetrate to the theory that was actually held? Who is competent to take these claws or fragments of claws, and from them build up the lion? Now, the prime and characteristic excellence of Mr. Burnet's work is his exact determination of the original texts, or of what the original authorities will bear when critically examined under the light which from various quarters has recently been turned upon them. Nothing short of a very eminently qualified and exceptionally cultivated critical faculty would suffice for this task. This faculty Mr. Burnet displays in a wholly exceptional measure. He moves about in the ancient Greek world with a freedom and intelligence which can only result from long familiarity. In the exposition of philosophical systems, in tracing their relations to one another, and in marking with precision the several steps in their development, he is equally happy. Occasionally, his critical scepticism may be carried to an extreme; as when he strips Herakleitos of his mathematical attainments. Certainly his judgments regarding the actual contents of those old philosophies will not be allowed to pass unchallenged. It will indeed be difficult for indiscriminate admirers of Hegel to vindicate their master's interpretation of the contents of Greek thought at that early period in the face of Mr. Burnet's convincing criticism; but perhaps a better stand may be made against his attempt to deny to the early use of the term Logos any tinge of its later Stoic meaning. But all readers will agree that we have very few philosophical books which can so truly be described as fascinating. And this fascination is won not by meretricious adornment, but by the vigorous presentation of the naked subject. Mr. Burnet does not even avail himself of the racy anecdotes which have gathered round those almost legendary figures, nor does he pander to the craving to see in ancient speculation anticipations of what is modern. He makes no concession to any class of readers, but freely discusses dates, texts, theories, and yet with the result that the reader is enthralled. This is the first book we have had from Mr. Burnet; students of philosophy will expect that it will not be his last, but that he will be encouraged to give

* 'Early Greek Philosophy.' By John Burnet, M.A. (Adam and Charles Black.)

us an equally illuminating study of Aristotle and the Peripatetics or of some other stage of Greek thought. No writer among us is so multifariously and completely equipped for such work. MARCUS DODS.

A FRENCH AMBASSADOR AT THE COURT OF CHARLES II.*

M. Jusserand has unearthed some pages of a diplomatic comedy from the 'Corréspondance d'Angleterre' at the French Foreign Office. The play runs through the years 1661 to 1665, and it should be read with Mr. Pepys at your elbow. The *dramatis personæ* are, first, the great Louis, great already though but a stripling, ambitious and inexperienced, fidgety, and thirsty alike for business and gossip—in the background an admiring and perfectly docile people; his representatives in England, Cominges, a hot-tempered, gallant soldier, a lover of the classics, and a player on the guitar; later, Courtin and Verneuil, equally accomplished, rather more capable, all three overcome with a frank incomprehension of the strange people their lot is cast amongst. Opposite these, Charles, bored with business, leader of a court to which all Europe looked for amusement, acquiescing cheerfully in his lack of power, his royal pleasure the better pleased that but little attention is paid to his royal will. The mission of the ambassadors was to stave off a war between England and Holland, to prevent England, in case of her gaining the victory, from becoming a still more inconvenient neighbour. It was a useless errand, founded on an ignorance of the situation and of probabilities. Cominges et Cie. couldn't treat with the nation; it was useless treating with the king, who was powerless. Worse still, he was bored. He used to suddenly forget his French, or Chancellor Clarendon had the gout, or he remembered it was Sunday and they mustn't talk business. The envoys spoke no English, of course. It was an ambassador's duty to know the will of the master he came from, not the character or the tongue of the country he was sent to, and the Gallic version of English names in the correspondence is often a pretty puzzle—*e.g.*, D'Evinchères, Ladredale, Pitrebaro, Omtoncourt, Quinzinton, Chine, Tonnebriche, etc. Allusion is made to the strange sect of the "Coaquiers," and the strifes of the "wichs" and "thoris." Besides their main business, there was the constant duty of keeping up the prestige of France. This was not left to the envoys' patriotic instincts. The minutest directions were given in Louis' own hand. Why the Muscovite ambassadors did not put on their hats in the presence of Cominges, whether they should be allowed to stand on his right hand, or only one of them, these were questions of solemn import. Then the entries of the ambassadors, that they might outshine the envoys of Spain, yet not err on the side of expense—this, too, was a matter for wakeful nights in an age when Mr. Pepys was about and making disparaging remarks, as he did a year or two later about Colbert's entry (August 16th, 1668). And they had to be ready to promptly punish any slights on their person, witness the terrible blunder at the Lord Mayor's banquet, which Mr. Pepys has also given us an account of. Then Louis' curiosity about everything under the English sun had to be satisfied—even to literature. Cominges is hardly in a position to tell him much of this, though Hobbes and Sir William Temple were among his guests at the Embassy, but he speaks of one called Miltonius, who has rendered himself "more infamous by his noxious writings than the very tormentors and assassins of their king." The political aspect of the strange country has to be described, too, where "everybody thinks it right to speak of the affairs of State, and the very boatmen want the *mylords* to talk to them about such topics, while they row them to Parliament"—the parliament so-called from *loqui ex mente*, because they speak their mind so freely there! The religious sects are a source of amazement, and Cominges threatens to flee if there are any more attempts to convert him. But what is to be expected, he asks, of a country where the Established Church has fallen so low that the very bishops in pontifical robes in the cathedral stalls have their wives and children beside them. He quotes a scoffing Scotchman, who said, referring to this shocking sight, "*Vidi episcopum et episcopam, episcopulos et episcopulas.*" Odd corners of the correspondence are filled up with gossip about Gramont—"such a downright liar as to stand matchless in the world"—accounts of an attempt to turn Foreign Secretary Lionne's booby of a son into a worldling at the English Court, moans about the fog, the flight from the plague (now daring to attack "*les honnêtes gens*"), and receipts for making chocolate.

Their griefs in a foggy, plague-ridden country, amongst a pleasure-loving Court that hated business, prodded all the while from behind by a watchful, industrious master, more than counterbalanced the honour of representing France, and when the negotiations were finally broken off, they heaved sighs of relief, though they had to be quarantined on their way home at Pandé in an unfinished house. Here Lionne wished them to employ their comfortless, draughty leisure in drawing up reports on English affairs. The shivering Cominges suffers too much from "*vapeurs de la rate*" to do much, but the sturdier Courtin "blows into his fingers and fulfils the orders he has received." They might have stopped at home for all the good they did, but for the sake of their amusing correspondence posterity must be glad they did not. The selection from their letters is excellent, and M. Jusserand shows an intense appreciation of the humours of the situation. The book has only one fault: there is too little of it. G-Y.

* 'A French Ambassador at the Court of Charles II.' By J. J. Jusserand. With portraits. (T. Fisher Unwin.) 12s. 6d.

THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.*

This magnificent work maintains and even increases its excellence. Nothing comparable to it has been produced in English, and it is so near perfection as to stand above possible rivalry. Happily Mr. Leslie Stephen continues as a contributor, and in his article on Dr. Johnson he once more evinces his decisive superiority among British biographers. To him no doubt are also due the plan and general conception of the work. This being allowed for, it is bare justice to say that Mr. Sidney Lee has been constantly removing defects and strengthening weak places. The volumes edited by him are in no way inferior, and are even in some respects superior, to those brought out by Mr. Stephen.

The chief weakness of Mr. Stephen's work was to be found in the bibliographical section. It cannot be too steadily kept in view that the bibliography exists not for the purpose of showing whence the materials of the biography it follows have been drawn, but to direct students to sources where further information is to be found. Often in the earlier volumes the reader was affronted with the impertinence "[Private Knowledge]" tacked on to a little article by way of bibliography. This offence is now happily much less frequent. It is not too much to say that the less known persons who only receive a few lines are peculiarly in need of a good bibliography. A good bibliography means a list of all the books and articles where fresh information is to be found, along with an exceedingly sparing reference to really important criticisms and estimates. We are far from thinking that this ideal has been attained in many cases; but the approximations are creditable. Perhaps as much has been done as could fairly be expected in a work of this kind. It would be an enterprise worthy of the Clarendon Press to publish a bibliography of the famous men of England, and we do not doubt that the work will be done, in America if not in England.

Another defect—not so serious, but still a defect—is the allotment of names to contributors. In our opinion—an opinion strengthened by every successive volume—the plan taken with theatrical names and some others should have been adopted with all. That is, groups of associated names should have been handed over to specialists. Mr. Joseph Knight's admirably written and apparently very complete

* 'The Dictionary of National Biography.' Edited by Sidney Lee Vol. xxi. Johnes—Kenneth. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

dramatic articles are a main feature of the book. But as a rule the obscure names seem to have been scattered indiscriminately among competent literary workmen. The result is that while we very rarely have absolutely ignorant writing, it is often quite clear that the writer knew nothing of his subject till he got his commission from the editor of the Dictionary.

It will always be possible in a work of this kind to point out errors and omissions. But they are singularly few, and it strikes us that they become fewer with every volume. Without referring to slips pointed out elsewhere, we may note a few trifling omissions in the present volume. Dr. Carruthers' edition of Boswell's Tour in the Hebrides ought never to be omitted in any bibliography of Johnson; it is an independent and original contribution to the subject. Under Kalisch reference should have been made, and would have been made by any theological expert, to the varying standpoints of that scholar's commentaries. Mr. Lee has written a careful notice of Henry Kendall, the Australian poet. Perhaps he is not to be blamed for his silence about Kendall's unfortunate habits. He knows what Kendall's Australian biographer apparently did not, that Kendall was encouraged in the *Athenæum* by Hepworth Dixon. But he is apparently ignorant that there are two references to Kendall in that journal, and that in the second some of Kendall's most remarkable work appears. As it is apparently unknown in Australia, we reprint part of it in THE BOOKMAN. It is discreditable to Australia that no complete edition exists of Kendall's poems. The somewhat scarce volume, 'Poems and Songs' (Sydney, 1862), which lies before us, is little represented in the posthumous 'Poems' with Memoir (1886).

But these are trifles. No similar book of reference known to us can stand microscopic examination half so well. And there is so much ability, discernment, and vivacity in the criticisms that any volume, wherever opened, makes excellent reading.

W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

DOROTHY WALLIS.*

Mr. Besant is too modest. He signs his name to the preface of 'Dorothy Wallis,' but we suspect he might have claimed a good deal more. Dorothy herself is a Besantine heroine to the last bit of art-muslin in her lodgings near the British Museum. Mr. Besant's characters flutter round the British Museum, as the albatross fluttered round the lamp in 'Silvie and Bruno.' Did he give, we wonder, a rough outline of the plot—"wicked uncle, lovely daughter, despairing niece," etc.—after Mr. Jingle's model, leaving the writer to fill up at her fancy? The earlier part of the book is artificial. The characters are stage-puppets, which move stiffly. Uncle Nathaniel has been a Presbyterian elder, yet in a moment of supreme emotion he solemnly lays his hand on a gilded prayer-book on the table. Such falsetto notes disappear when Dorothy becomes an actress. Apart from its clumsy setting, the book has genuine merit. The world behind the footlights is described by one who has known it well. Mr. Besant was quite right in thinking Dorothy's history would interest us. She is a second Katherine Regina, with remoter prospects of matrimony, and we strongly suspect that so capable a person will not always wait for her sluggish and dilatory lover.

M.

A STUDY OF M. THIERS.†

This study of M. Thiers sets us thinking what are the requirements for a perfect monograph, which amounts to saying that M. de Rémusat's is lacking somewhere. The choice seems to lie between the scientific study of a career and a life-like portrait of a personality. M. de Rémusat has aimed solely at the first; we hardly perceive even the ghost of a failure to achieve the second. No one need cavil because he has chosen the dissecting knife rather than the brush, but it is somewhat to be regretted that this exposition reads too often like an apology. Now there is a certain unseemliness in apologising for Thiers, who, with all his shortcomings and mistakes, and they were many, was so admirably fitted to stand on his own feet, to justify himself, or brave the consequences. The very shade of the vivacious, courageous little figure seems indignantly to burst through any special defence or protection. The writer of the monograph had exceptional opportunities, being the son of Thiers' early and trusted friend, brought up in the atmosphere which Thiers breathed and influenced. And these advantages he has not wasted. The book, though written too exclusively from the Republican Whig standpoint, is on the whole impartial, tolerant, and intelligent. It is the importance and the fascinating opportunity of the subject which are at the root of our disappointment that it is not better. A good monograph would have been invaluable to those who are not of the generation that watched the events Thiers helped to shape, and who have not the time to forage among the newspapers and the Parliamentary papers of his day. There is not a statesman to be named, perhaps, whose career, rightly interpreted, would form so admirable a course of political study. Politicians whose opinions are the poles apart from his might well go to school to him, and though, having learnt, they might then go and do otherwise, it would be with a firmer grasp of the world, and the conditions of political life.

M. de Rémusat's is not a popular book, and yet it shirks the difficulties of explaining the inconsequences of Thiers' policy, or the complexity of the circumstances and the temperament that were the cause of these inconsequences. The background of history is blurred, and he hardly succeeds even in detaching from it the figure of the bright, inextinguishable little Provençal. It is useless to try to treat Thiers impersonally, as a political agent merely. Even an anecdotic biography would be safer. For one or two admirable glimpses of him we are grateful—in his relations to his colleagues, for instance, or, in the *salon*, experimentally firing off the speech of the morrow at the heads of his guests, or, in his later days, unswathing himself from his wrappings in eager haste to rise and rule the Assembly by his eloquence. Such glimpses are too scanty, seeing that they are so significant.

The quotations from his speeches are not well chosen. They represent M. de Rémusat's cultivated taste and love of classical parallels rather than the qualities that were at the root of Thiers' influence. In fact, a certain pedantry must account for the dulness which hangs round this presentment of a subject that has not in reality a dull point about it. Herein, and not in any positive misunderstanding of its subject, lies the failure of the book. It is a fair-minded survey of events from the Restoration of Charles X. to the establishment of the Republic. It is not a life-like memoir of M. Thiers. Yet it is not wanting in shrewdness concerning the significant facts of the statesman's career. Some of the characteristics the author touches on—the proof, for instance, of Thiers' executive ability, in that he was bolder in power than in opposition, the wholesome mixture in him of enthusiasm and common sense, so much rarer than idealism and lassitude, and the steady growth of his love of liberty, none the less strong, that life, not first principles, taught him its necessity—these, if duly emphasized, would hardly need to be supplemented.

G. Y.

THE TERMAGANT OF SPAIN.*

In the writing of history fashion changes, even as in the wearing of neckties. Of recent years, under the influence of the popular evolutionist and democratic theories of the day, we have lost sight of the individual in the mass. We have come to look upon history as an affair of movements rather than of men, and are inclined from the height of our philosophy to sneer anon at the old-fashioned historian with his

* 'Dorothy Wallis, an Autobiography.' With Introduction by Walter Besant. (Longmans.)

† 'A. Thiers.' By P. de Rémusat. Translated by Melville B. Anderson. 'Great French Writers' Series. (T. Fisher Unwin.) 3s. 6d.

* 'Elisabeth Farnese.' By Edward Armstrong, M.A. (London: Longmans.)

gossip of kings and queens, and treaties and intrigues. It is to the "average man," the prototype of ourselves, that our attention is turned. His fortunes have been deemed the only proper theme for the historian's pen, and the fall of a minister has become in our eyes a less important historical fact than a fall in the price of bread.

Against this point of view, which, interesting and valuable as it is in itself, is after all as narrow as that which it superseded, Mr. Armstrong lodges a very seasonable protest when he reminds us that "the marriages or quarrels of interesting or uninteresting individuals have probably done more to consolidate or divide the nations of Europe than ethnological yearnings or antipathies grounded on the diversity of institutions," and a better illustration of the importance of purely personal and individual influences upon the fate of nations could scarcely be found than the life of Elisabeth Farnese, which has now, for the first time in England, received the exhaustive and detailed treatment it deserves. The commonplace daughter of a petty Italian duke, a narrow-minded woman lacking alike in beauty and education, she became, as wife of Philip V., the pivot upon which for thirty years the diplomacy of Europe turned. For her own personal ends, to secure provision for her children and her own old age, she succeeded in setting all Europe by the ears, and achieved the distinction of having caused the death of more soldiers and the drafting of more treaties than any one other potentate among her contemporaries. And she gained her objects in spite of odds that seemed at times almost overwhelming. One of her sons sat on the throne of Spain, another succeeded to her father's dukedom of Parma, and herself died at seventy-three in honourable retirement at St. Ildefonso. It is a fascinating, a sort of eighteenth century 'Arabian Nights,' wherein princes and cardinals, nurses and ladies'-maids, confessors and quacks—in short, all the stock characters of historic romance—plot and counterplot in most admired confusion around the arch-plotter of all, who turned her very defects into qualities, and proved herself more than a match for some of the acutest diplomatists in Europe.

In the unravelling of this tangled skein of intrigue Mr. Armstrong has displayed an industry and a care which is beyond all praise, and every page of his book bears witness to the thoroughness and extent of his research. With the exception of that scurrilous but entertaining little 'Life of Elisabeth Farnesio,' published in 1746 during her lifetime, the only important work which has appeared upon the subject in England is Cote's 'Bourbon Kings of Spain,' which, as Mr. Armstrong testifies, still remains excellent as far as it goes. While availing himself of the various modern writings on the period in French, German, and Spanish, notably those of Baudrillart, Weber, and Fuente, Mr. Armstrong, as an orthodox scientific historian of the Ranke school, has based his work upon the evidence of contemporary documents, of which the chief are the despatches of Alberoni, Stanhope, Keene, and Scotte—most of which are as yet unpublished—and the memoirs of St. Simon, Villars, Montgon, and D'Argenson. It may be that, in working up this vast mass of material, he has not always succeeded in keeping the main threads of the story sufficiently clear. In his anxiety to omit nothing he is apt to distract our attention from the main issues. But his style is lucid and scholarly, and the obscurity, where it arises, is due rather to the complexity of the subject than to the manner of its presentment. For the book is one that demands and will repay careful reading. It is written by a student for students, and though full of interest even for the general reader, especially in the accounts of the domestic life of the royal family, it presupposes for its appreciation a certain knowledge of the history of the time. In his conscientious and scholarly treatment of an important subject Mr. Armstrong has proved himself a worthy addition to that little group of historians of which modern Oxford is justly proud.

A COUNTRY MUSE.*

The greater number of the poems in this dainty volume have been published before anonymously. This selection from several privately circulated books of verse should seal Mr. Gale's recognition as a genuine poet. He has a true lyrical gift, and if readers have to do a little sifting among stuff of a poorer kind, they will have their reward when they light on such gems as "Love with a Crocus in his Cap," or the Song of the Weeping Maiden, or "Come, Sweetheart, do not Pout," or the exquisite "Unfinished Picture" of Mary the Milkmaid singing and Richard the Keeper whistling a blithe response. "My song is all of birds and peasant homes," he says. So it has been, but the little book ends with a warning and a farewell:—

> "Who will may take Love's pipe from out my fingers,
> Who will may sing the songs I used to sing;
> No more, where dying daylight shyly lingers
> Will I, made musical, salute the Spring."

So sings he, having evidently found another inspiration and about to "dare the steep that bounds the plain." 'Tis perhaps a pity, for the Country Muse he courted gracefully, and green fields and quietness would seem best to befit a poet who sings melodiously—

> "The shyest blooms are best. The hidden bird
> Can make a midnight melody of wrong;
> And sweetest far the Love that is not heard
> Before a kindred soul demand its song.
> How luring she that's simple-souled and staid!
> And love is ever rarest half-afraid."

DAUGHTERS OF MEN.*

There is lively wit on most of the pages of this story. Yet it is not from any point of view a successful novel, except in so far as it is very readable. We are led through the streets into the diplomatic circles and fashionable *salons*, we are given glimpses of the family life and of the politics of the Athens of to-day, our sprightly guide all the while nudging us and pointing out how comic it all is, going off into peals of laughter over the ridiculous and fascinating people who ape Western manners and who think themselves grown-up and dignified when they are the veriest babies in existence. The laughter is very kindly, and Mrs. Lynch seems to be confident that it will not offend her Greek friends. All the people grouped round as a setting for the chief personages are delightfully conceived. There is the Karapolis household, for instance. Militiades, the dashing captain of artillery, the slayer of Turks, the concentration in his own person of the valour of every heroic age of Greece; Themistocles, the despised younger brother, employed at the Corinthian Bank, a great *flaneur* in Stadion Street and a nobody at home; Julia, the plain sister, and the pretty Andromache. The journalist Stavros, too, the eloquent and corrupt humbug, is good, and so is the friend he betrays, Constantine Selaka, the would-be Mayor, whose boisterous behaviour in Opposition has procured for him in the Boulé the inappropriate name of the "Parnell of Greece." So are the groups of young ladies, bird-like, who flit about the *salons* picking up crumbs of worldly wisdom for future use. The story proper is less good. With Rudolph Ehrenstein, the imbecile young Austrian noble, the reader is only irritated. He comes to Athens a shallow-pated, beautiful youth, guileless as a baby, and with as much self-control. His first passion is for Photini, an impossible, middle-aged, musical genius, hideous in person, and with the manners of a bear. In her defiance of social *convenances* there is no principle, in her sallies of rudeness no wit. But she was the rival and pupil of Rubinstein. Then Andromache, the shy, innocent maiden, rouses Rudolph's susceptibilities next, and to her he is betrothed. But the heroine, Inarime, crosses his path. He raves about this new goddess, and when she ignores him he flies in pettish wrath to his Photini, and goes with sudden final strides to the dogs. The shy, innocent Andromache shoots him at the first opportunity, but as, girl-like, she aims at his shoulder, unfortunately he recovers, and settles down into a blasé married wreck at twenty-five. To counteract this

* 'A Country Muse.' By Norman R. Gale. (Nutt.) 3s. 6d. net.

* 'Daughters of Men.' By Hannah Lynch. (Heinemann.) 3s. 6d.

sordid story there is the romance of Inarime. She dwelt on the island of Tenos; she was beautiful as the vision of a Greek goddess, as fine an athlete as Atalanta, and had been fed on Homer and Plutarch. She was to be given in marriage to the first virtuous suitor who should have scholarship enough to satisfy the old pagan, her father. The hero comes, dark, beautiful, mysterious, and learned. After their betrothal he confesses he is not Gustav Reinike, but Daoud Bey—a Turk. Separation of course follows till the last chapter but one. The lovers are very romantic and interesting, and would be more so if the classics did not cling so consciously to Inarime's skirts, and if we did not always suspect Gustav to have a Pausanias in his pocket when it isn't in his hand. But there is plenty of relief from their solemnity. These pictures of Greek life are only of the surface, of course, but as such they have the air of being faithful. They are painted with a light hand, they are very entertaining, and in their satire is no bitterness.

AT THE CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

DIARY OF A READER.

June 3rd.—The journalist has already a literature to his praise and glory and abuse. He turns up in most pictures of Bohemian life; his feats are honoured by many modern chroniclers, from Balzac and Thackeray to Jules Verne. A young man in search of a subject for a comprehensive essay might turn his thoughts to 'The Journalist in Fiction.' If he does so, he will possibly think it worth while to include in his survey 'The Slave of the Lamp,' by Mr. Merriman. To test the qualities of his hero, prompt, cool, heroic without any bluster, the writer has felt the necessity of pitting him against persons as intrepid and as cool as himself. Accordingly he makes his journalist scent and expose a Jesuit plot, the followers of Loyola being the only foemen worthy of Fleet Street heroes. He is kidnapped by the Jesuits, and finally escapes. This makes a very good story. In fact, if you come to think of it, and if you are not morbidly over-civilized, you will own that all the really entertaining stories in the world that fleet the time away as stories should, depend for their interest on ogres, buffaloes, pirates, or Jesuits. Beneath this main contest of coolness and quick wit there is a restrained under-current of love-story, and a picture of domestic tragedy as a foil to journalistic success. As soon as you close the book you no longer believe in Mr. Merriman's Jesuits, or even in his model pressman, and you are conscious of improbabilities and prejudices; but the absence of these never made, nor did the presence of them ever spoil, a really good story.

'The Poison of Asps,' by R. Orton Prowse, sounded so harsh and forbidding that it was well-nigh returned to the library uncut. Finally its harsh-sounding title roused my curiosity, and I found that the poison is slander and insinuation, and that it is dispensed in its strongest, most hideous form in little country towns, and in circles of which the parish church is the centre. There is a great deal too much conscious cleverness about the story, and it is made just a little wearisome by the conversations of a very modern young lady who quotes Aristotle. Otherwise it is an ably-drawn picture of the rage of semi-educated provincials for conformity in manners, morals, and ideas. While reading the book I was strongly reminded of something else, but, to its credit be it said, my recollection is of some actual Tattlebridge I have known and perhaps suffered from, rather than anybody else's report of it.

An anxious-minded lady, a reader of history, Miss Grace Johnstone, has been much exercised on account of the harm done to the reputation of feminine human nature by the vague popular ideas of the court life in the time of the later Stuarts. She has been, therefore, at the pains to compile a book called 'Leading Women of the Restoration' to convince us of the virtues of Rachel Lady Russell, Mrs. Godolphin, and others. It was a praiseworthy thing to do, but for busy readers a perusal of the contents will serve the purpose well enough. Those who go further will find it admirably calculated to form part of the library of a young ladies' seminary.

Mr. Dowling has written a readable if somewhat uncouth story called 'Catmur's Caves.' The main point of interest about it is the combination of old conventional situations and of others which are very novel indeed. He has not been above using the worn-out trick of mixing up two children in infancy, and accordingly Milly, the chief attraction of Catmur's Caves—Catmur is a brutal, scheming showman, and the caves are his theatre, museum, etc.—is in reality a great heiress. The main novelty is the introduction of a certain Jeff Monday, a lion-tamer, with an understanding and love for all wild creatures, and not on very familiar terms with the world of men. Suddenly he is thrust into the post of hero, and very properly receives the hero's reward.

June 10th.—There are laws enforcing the labelling of poisons. Patent medicines, too, can generally be recognised by their bottles. Surely some protection of the kind is wanted by frivolous and indifferent readers against propagandist fiction. Here is a novel with the uninforming name of 'No Compromise,' bound in conventional style, and, what is most deceptive of all, in three volumes. True, it is by the joint authors H. F. Hetherington and the Rev. H. D. Burton, who once perpetrated a counter-blast to 'Robert Elsmere,' and perhaps this should have been a warning. Alas, that I did not take it as such! For while I was striving, with some success, to interest myself in the fortunes of a young man who has an involuntary crime, committed in a wild, new country, on his conscience, and in the very lively doings of the gay world where his fashionable sister lives, every now and again I was woke up by the evidence that the story was but a thin layer of jam for which I had to pay by a nauseous pamphlet on Church Defence and the iniquity of School Boards. All the interesting people become advocates of the voluntary system, which may be a very proper system for anything I know. But it is a mean trick to try to convert me through a three-volume novel.

Here is another with a fiery purpose, but from its exterior and its name I know what to expect. Mr. Hall Caine has hardly been forestalled by 'For God and the Czar.' When his promised visit takes place, the fruits of it will probably be a calmer and more philosophic report than is to be found in Mr. Muddock's hot-headed attack on the rottenness of Russia and his hideous picture of the sufferings of the Russian Jews. Still, even this intemperate little book serves to show how the Hebrew question has already taken hold of the popular imagination in England.

'Of the World Worldly' tells the story of a saintly but somewhat obtuse young man who is bewitched and befooled by a very stupid, low-minded, and, we are assured, very fascinating lady. All the while he believes himself to be playing the dignified and interesting part of her guardian angel. When he is undeceived there is a patient and modest maiden waiting in the background, ready to reward his virtue and ignore his folly. It is like a great many other stories, the one mark of distinction being that it is told by a bore called Anthony, with the help of a companion bore called Athena, neither of whom have very much to do with the case.

June 17th.—'Makár's Dream, and other Stories,' is a volume of the Pseudonym Library. It is the first of a promised collection of Russian tales. The first story has a flavour of its own, and it is a very remarkable bit of imaginative writing. Makár, the miserable sinner from the Siberian village before the Great Taïon, when his life is being weighed by the inexorably faithful scales, and when, too, his misery pleads for him, is a weird picture, with much beauty in it, nevertheless. 'Bad Company,' the second story, tells of a lonely boy's friendship with the rogues, beggars, and outcasts that hide in an old castle, and of his flights and evasions from the respectability of his own home.

More fascinating than most of the novels that the library sends out is a book of Mr. Warburton Pike's on 'The Barren Ground of Northern Canada,' not so much because of the incidents of his travels—though in his search for the musk ox he met with adventures and dangers not a few—but because of the impression it gives you that there is a country still left to be quiet in. Saltatha, one of his Indians, had some difficulty in understanding the beauties of Heaven as they were described to him by the priest. "Is

it," he asks, "more beautiful than the country of the musk ox in summer, where sometimes the mist blows over the lakes, and sometimes the water is blue, and the loons cry very often?" The French missionaries on the lonely shores of the Great Slave Lake have no desire for their own country, no longings after the turmoil of the great world.

Mr. Fergus Hume has been telling some experiences of the demi-monde of literature in 'How I Lived in Bohemia.' Bohemia is, no doubt, a pleasant land, but somehow the accounts of English travellers rarely sets one longing for it. Murger is old-fashioned, probably, and unreliable, but he never altogether disillusionises you. His pictures of the *quartier latin* may be tawdry and sordid enough, but at least they lack the peculiar vulgarity and the rowdyism of the Bloomsbury versions. However, Mr. Hume has wandered far beyond the boundaries, beyond even "the coasts of Bohemia," in his novel of 'The Island of Fantasy.' That happy spot is, or rather was, one of the isles of Greece, a land of beauty and bliss, presided over by an Englishman who has taken to himself the name of Justinian. His fair daughter Helena is the prize coveted by many, especially by a Greek villain and a young English sculptor, the latter suffering from a bad attack of melancholia, brought on by £6,000 a year and nothing to do. Of course, the Englishman wins, after vile plots, battles, and a general turmoil most unfitting a peaceful isle of Greece. Tourists may be warned that the island was destroyed by an earthquake and a volcano. With it, let us hope, has disappeared Mr. Fergus Hume's ambition to soar into the realms of Fantasy.

June 24th.—An instructive study for an idle man might be found in the hopeful beginnings of unsuccessful novels. 'No Place for Repentance' should obtain a passing mention in such a survey. There is no lack of talent displayed: the opening situation is capital; the two or three figures placed on the board in the first chapters are vigorously drawn. But by the end of Vol. I. the downward path has begun, and the interest passes rapidly and finally away.

It is a dangerous thing for story-tellers to play unpopular parts in the tales they are relating. 'My Stewardship' is written in autobiographic form, being the confession of a high-handed and unsympathetic woman that she has ruined two lives, one of them committed to her charge. The form of the confession is in keeping with her hard, unbending nature, and the book is clever, and sometimes dramatic. But told in this fashion the story has less interest. Perhaps because a confession always robs us of some part of our right of indignant condemnation.

The last book in my weekly bundle puts me out of humour with the present time, which will be apt, I fear, to look rather askance at Miss Swanwick's 'Poets the Interpreters of their Age.' It certainly glides strange and ghost-like into a world that has grown either frivolous or specialist. Miss Swanwick is a scholar, but she is not a specialist. Her poetic and sentimental reflections on practically the whole of literature, from the Vedic Hymns to Browning, are not final criticisms, yet they are of the kind that might serve as a fount of inspiration to young people. And gentle, kindly entertainment they are for all.

LIST FOR BOOK CLUBS.

THEOLOGY.

Watson's Book of Job.
Robertson Smith's Old Testament in the Jewish Church.
Cheyne's Aids to the Devout Study of Criticism.
Slater's Faith and Life of the Early Church.
Wendt's The Teaching of Jesus.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Boulger's Lord Wm. Bentinck.
Clayden's England under the Coalition.
Edwards' France of To-day, vol. I.
Felbermann's Hungary and its People.
Grego's History of Parliamentary Elections. New ed.
Howell's Familiar Letters.
Jusserand's A French Ambassador at the Court of Charles II.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY—*cont.*

Layard's Life and Letters of C. Keene.
De Rémusat's Thiers.
Sandby's T. and P. Sandby, their Lives and Works.

TRAVEL.

Keary's Norway and the Norwegians.
Parker's Round the Compass in Australia.
Pike's Barren Ground of N. Canada.
Shore's History of Hampshire.
Steveni's Through Famine-Stricken Russia.

SCIENCE.

Ball's In Starry Realms.
McKendrick's Life in Motion.
Romanes' Darwin and After Darwin.

POETRY.

Field's Sight and Sound.
Gale's Country Muse.
Hoskens' Phaon and Sappho.

FICTION.

Anstey's Travelling Companions.
Black's The Magic Ink.
Braddon's The Venetians.
Caine's The Scapegoat (revised edition).
Gerard's Queen of Cards and Cream.
Gray's My Stewardship.
Mallock's A Human Document.
Prowse's The Poison of Asps.

FICTION—*continued.*

Pryce's The Quiet Mrs. Fleming.
Wills's In and About Bohemia.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Birrell's Res Judicatæ.
Clarke's Walt Whitman.
Crane's The Claims of Decorative Art.
Duffy's Conversations with Carlyle.
Graham's The Rural Exodus.
Hakes' Suffering London.
Last Words of Thomas Carlyle.
Parkin's Imperial Federation.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

The prize we offered for the best News Note has been divided between Mr. R. M. SILLWARD, 30, Nelson-street, Dublin, and Mr. E. G. HARMER, 15, Pendennis-road, Streatham, S.W.

A prize of Half a Guinea will be given for the best News Note sent on or before July 20th. The competition is unrestricted, and competitors may send more than one paragraph. Any unsuccessful paragraphs printed in THE BOOKMAN *will be paid for. Competitors must write "Prize" on the envelopes containing their paragraphs.*

REGULATIONS FOR YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

1. *All MSS. must bear the real name and address of the writer, and also initials or* nom de plume *for designation in* THE BOOKMAN. (*An infringement of this regulation is the frequent cause of the delay in noticing MSS. that are sent.*)

2. *Should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.*

3. *MSS. received on or before the 15th of the month will be noticed, if possible, in the next number.*

4. *Not more than one contribution may be sent by any one contributor in one month.*

5. *The terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application to the*

Editor of the Young Author's Page
'Bookman' Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London,

to whom all MSS. must be addressed.

The Editor cannot guarantee that inquiries concerning this column shall be answered before the end of the month.

APEX.—Told with considerable humour. But this is surely only an instalment of the little one's adventures. A children's magazine might be glad to have the story, but would want a continuation of it.

ARS LONGA.—Good of its kind. Worth sending to a popular journal that accepts instructive stories. But there is something wrong in the title which would prejudice the MS. in an editor's eyes.

BO-PEEP.—The repetitions and familiar construction are permissible if you mean your paper to be used as a sermon, as you probably do. It is written in a forcible, popular style, and if read aloud to an audience, would probably be effective.

BUTTERPAPER.—The story has distinct merit. The faults are the old ones of calling things by other names than their own, with unsuccessful intent to be funny. Why talk of the "oncoming gondola" when you mean a hansom cab? "A male Viola" is a rather awkward way of expressing what you mean. "Gamely" is not a permissible adverb. And the reference to "cut flowers and little children" on p. 8 is at least vague.

E. H.—An intelligent criticism of the details of the book at least. You fail, somewhat, in conveying an impression of the main strength or weakness of it as a whole.

E. M. S.—A thoughtful and, on the whole, well written essay. Some amendments are, however, wanted with regard to the style. The numerous parenthetical clauses needlessly complicate the meaning. The second paragraph, p. 1, and the sentence beginning at the foot of p. 3 need simplification. It would be worth while sending the paper to one of the religious weeklies.

ELISE.—The verses are pretty. Nos. 1 and 2 are like a great many others. No. 3 has more individuality, but the verse is inharmonious, especially the last quatrain.

ELF.—You have a distinct talent for writing children's stories. They would be healthier, however, if they had a little more incident and less introspection. There are too many foreign words in some of them for English children. The doings of Cristopher would appeal to but a limited audience, and these not children. The fourth of the birthday stories might with advantage be omitted. 'Jules' is too tragic for children, and the Irish tale wants brightness of style. The good Father (the probable original of your character) would have lit up his story by some humour and forcible language. We think your poems have little, if any, merit.

ETHELON.—Not a very moral story, and with the additional blot that it is improbable. The examiner could not tell it, and still call himself an examiner. However, that's easily remedied. You have a pretty humour of the "New" School, which you should find useful. It is best when you don't force it, or exaggerate, as you are apt to do—p. 3 for instance. There is another possible and more

amusing ending for the story. Altered, it might be worth sending to a weekly story paper.

H. P. W.—Rather slight. The next study you make of a book of this kind we should advise your writing on a more systematic plan, something like this: (1) purpose; (2) plan of the book; (3) how far these are adequately fulfilled; (4) comparison with other works similar in purpose, character, or tendency; (5) its striking merits or defects of style. Jottings and impressions of a book written by anyone of large experience and full mind are of use and interest, but as an exercise for a beginner they are unsatisfactory.

VIVIEN HOPE.—You have tried something much beyond your powers as yet, brought too many characters on the scene, and aimed at too involved a plot. The story in the prologue would be enough for you to manage. It would want rewriting and altering so as to give it finish and point. The main story is poor. Omit the French "like a native," and the Dutch. They are both rather halting.

IGDRASIL.—Your negative arguments are sensible enough, but till you have thought a little more don't attempt to construct systems. The choice of a trade at the age of eight would not be an improvement on the present state of things; and it would not be very educative to the little embryo shoemaker to know that leather was first made at Cordover (*sic*). As to your style, it will be better when you climb down a little from the heights of such sentences as these: "Is the giant mountain which separates us from the boon of specific tuition too huge to scale? Is it impossible with the sharp intellects of this golden era to cut a passage through its gigantic body to light a peace [?] on the other side?"

N. HOPPER.—The Arrow Song is very good indeed. There is real force and music in it. One phrase of it is vague—"from breast to barrow." The Rondeau seems less good. At all events, it doesn't tell its story so well, and the subject hardly befits a Rondeau.

J. J.—We are not convinced of the necessity of your killing off all your characters, and leaving an empty stage. Two of them were evidently unhinged in their minds, but the others might have been left to live. Your tale is an awful warning of the results of over-rapid success, your hero being a Q.C. eighteen months after he is described as "getting on." Otherwise it seems futile.

J. M. C.—The sketch would have little chance of being accepted. You write well enough, so far as words and construction go. It is the matter that is lacking. The logic-chopping might have served you for one joke, but four or five pages of it grow wearisome. The subject is a good one for a humorous sketch, but it would want more varied and more amusing treatment.

LLEWELLYN JONES.—Very fair considering your age, but not at all precocious. The verse is rather jingly. "Rose" and "close" (adj.) are not good rhymes, and "That makes the air with cock's-crows ring" is a little wanting in melody.

JUVENIX.—The play is not good, but your own suggestion about having it acted would best show you its defects. By all means have it acted, even if you form an amateur company for the purpose. The dialogue is flat; the situation is wildly improbable, and yet not farcical, and your "good all-round gentlemen" behave in an extraordinary fashion. Could you not enliven it by making the calico-selling young lady's fortune to be mythical, to punish the "money-grubbing" of the Hon. John? You are rather hazy about titles throughout, and housemaiding arrangements (act II., scene 1), and there are many other slips.

MAULEVERER.—The story is fair, rather commonplace. There is no merit in the style. The responsibility for the wrong-doing is not put on the right shoulders. The characters are shadowy, in spite of the many details you give. If it is a first attempt, though bald and crude, it is not unpromising.

MAYFIELD.—We very strongly advise you not to continue verse-making. It would only end in disappointment to yourself, and in some pain to those to whom your verses might be addressed.

PEARL.—A fairly good criticism. You have been on the outlook for a moral all through, and, having failed to find one, have somewhat lost your way. Your objections to details are, generally speaking, just and well expressed. It is your appreciation that makes one feel you have not taken in the force of the book.

Y. REDLAV.—A most extraordinary story, but the imagination you evidently possess has been wasted. You have jumbled fairyland and ordinary life till neither is a reality. The fairy scenes are wild and chaotic, but they are more readable than the adventures of Norva amongst mortals. The end is an anti-climax. We fear this story has no chance of being accepted by any editor. You might try a shorter story, dealing only with the supernatural. You express yourself fairly well, though rather stiffly, and occasionally use un-English constructions.

SIGURD.—Might have been told with more effect, but it is good on the whole. You should revise it, correcting some faults of construction, on page 1 for instance. A popular magazine of stories might accept it.

ST. LEONARDS.—Of course you'll "attempt more." The verses are not at all bad. They scan, and they are very romantic, and what more could one demand from a beginner?

CHARLES SURFACE.—Far too little care bestowed on the form of the verses, and their effect is spoilt by their undue length. No. 1 has a pretty subject, that might have been effectively dealt with in five stanzas. In its present form it is wearisome prose. "What wonder the bell-founder should think his task important?" is a sample of many inharmonious lines. The verse in No. 2 is better, but the action should be quicker. Neither shows a lack of poetic feeling—only a failure to give the feeling proper expression.

TENERORUM LUSOR AMORUM.—These are good of their kind, and deserve a wider circle of readers than they will have in young ladies' albums. "Isabel" and the "Astronomer" are the best, on account of the shameless ingenuity of the one, and the pretty conceit of the other. The others show skill in verse-making, but have less interest.

VANBRUGH.—There is a great deal of thought packed into your sonnets. The expression of it is rather involved, though. They want re-reading several times. The best are Nos. 4 and 2 (1st part). No. 1 is good; 3 is still the weakest, though, as far as our memory serves us, it seems to be improved. If you could aim at a more simple expression and construction, you might do good work.

VANESSA.—You should offer such a series to a popular paper, say a woman's journal. Apart from the merits of your criticism the papers might be useful as a guide to younger readers. The sample you send is fairly interesting. Perhaps a more definite account of the books and a short account of the personality of the writers would be advisable.

VERA.—Your paper wants considerable expansion before it would be of value either as information or criticism. The subject is a good one, but you would have to examine the history of each movement much more thoroughly. Their points of contact would make an interesting but complicated study. No use could be made of your sketch in its present slight form.

F. VILLON.—As a study of the subject and as criticism good. But your style is very ponderous. Avoid words like "prelect" and "delectate," and if you mean to read the paper at a literary society, or have any thoughts of publishing it, you should re-write it in simpler English. Read Bunyan as an antidote.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

A New Truth, 3/6.....Digby & Long
["*Dedicated by a nameless Author to Suffering Humanity.*" *Humanity ought to be grateful for any efforts to relieve it, but here the effort stops at the intention.*]

Abbott, L.—The Evolution of Christianity .....J. Clarke
[*An attempt "to restate the eternal yet ever new truths of the religious life in the terms of modern philosophic thought."*]

Andrewes, L.—Greek Devotions, edited by P. G. Medd, 5/-

Barrow, E. P.—Regni Evangelium; a Survey of the Teaching of Jesus Christ, 6/-.....Williams & Norgate

Bennett, Rev. J.—Crux Christi, 3/6.....Shaw

Briggs, C. A.—The Bible, the Church, and the Reason, 6/6.....Clark

Cheyne, Rev. T. K.—Aids to the Devout Study of Criticism, 7/6 Unwin
[*Mainly an "essay in reconciliation," but partly a contribution to criticism. In both respects admirable and important.*]

Clarke, Rev. R. F., *S.J.*—Theosophy, 6d.....C.T.S.
[*A thoughtful examination of theosophy, showing the impossibility of its effort to reconcile the irreconcilable.*]

Clarke, Rev. R. F., *S.J.*—The Existence of God, 6d.....C.T.S.
[*The conversations of a priest and his old college friend, an agnostic barrister. The latter is converted to a belief in a Deity, and is received into the Church, through the agency of his friend's arguments.*]

Death, J.—The 119th Psalm, some of its Hidden Treasures, 3/6..Pawsey

Du Bose, W. P.—Soteriology of the New Testament, 7/6..Macmillan

E. C. D.—Fight the Good Faith. Addresses for a Bible Class, 2/6 Masters

Farrar, F. W.—The Voice from Sinai, 5/- .....Isbister
[*Sermons on the Commandments, preached in Westminster Abbey, Nov., 1891, to Jan., 1892. A useful list of books dealing with the Commandments is added.*]

Fraser, Rev. D.—Sound Doctrine, 2/- ....Presbyterian Publishing Co.

Fripp, E. I.—The Composition of the Book of Genesis, 4/.....Nutt
[*Gives the English text of the various books amalgamated in Genesis—the Jahvistic, Elohistic, and Priestly History Books, etc., an examination and comparison of their contents, and copious notes.*]

Hoult, P.—Dialogues on the Efficacy of Prayer, 3/6..Chapman & Hall

Jones, E. E. C.—Introduction to General Logic, 4/6.....Longmans

Knowling, Rev. R. J.—Witness of the Epistles, 15/- .....Longmans

Langtry, Rev. J.—History of the Church in Eastern Canada and Newfoundland, 3/-.....S.P.C.K.

Lindsay, J.—The Progressiveness of Modern Christian Thought, 6/- Blackwood
[*A suggestive book, containing a survey of Christian belief in the past, showing evidences of the non-stationariness of its character, and with a hopeful outlook on its future.*]

Maclaren, A.—Gospel of St. Matthew, Vol. 1, 3/6

Maclean, A. J., and Browne, W. H.—The Catholicos of the East and his People, 5/-.....S.P.C.K.

Macpherson, Rev. J.—Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians, 10/6.....Clark
[*A careful and scholarly commentary on a somewhat neglected epistle.*]

Malan, S. C.—Original Notes on the Book of Proverbs, 12/-..Williams & Norgate

McClymont, Rev. J. A.—The New Testament and its Writers, 6d. net A. & C. Black
[*An excellent manual for Bible-classes, dealing briefly with each of the New Testament books, under such headings as authorship, date, character and contents, etc. A very good list of authorities is added for the use of serious students.*]

Moule, Rev. H. C. G.—To my Younger Brethren, 5/-
[*Devout and sensible advice.*] Hodder & Stoughton

Nye, G. H. F.—The Church and Her Story, 1/6 net. Griffith & Farran
[*The financial secretary to the Church Defence Institution tells here the story of the Church of England in ancient, mediæval, and modern times.*]

Patrick, J.—The Apology of Origen.....Blackwood
[*This scholarly monograph gives not only a detailed account of the 'Apology,' but also of 'The True Word' of Celsus. The analysis of the work which Origen refuted, and the statement of its author's philosophical and religious standpoint, are lucid and fair-minded.*]

Russell, Dowager Countess.—Family Worship, 3/6.....Hare

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Sinclair, Archdeacon.—The Church: Invisible, Visible, Catholic, National .....E. Stock
[*The "second charge" to the Clergy and Churchwardens of the Archdeaconry of London, a survey of the Church's position in ancient and modern times, and suggestions for the present guidance of Churchmen.*]
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[*An examination of the features in the history of the early Church which are of importance at the present day.*]
Smith, G. V.—The Bible and its Theology as popularly taught, 5/- Sonnenschein
Strong, T. B.—A Manual of Theology, 5/-.....Black
St. Basil, Book of, on the Holy Spirit, a Revised Text, with Notes, by C. T. K. Johnston, 7/6
Waterland, D.—Letters on Lay Baptism. Preface by Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, 5/-.....Masters
Watson, R. A.—Book of Job, 5th series (Expositor's Bible), 7/6 Hodder & Stoughton
Wendt, H. H.—The Teaching of Jesus, translated by Rev. J. Wilson, Vol. I, 10/6
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Gladstone, W. E.—The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture, 3/6 Isbister
[*This second edition has been thoroughly revised, and the argument has been enlarged by additions at various points. These additions are of interest and importance.*]
Layman's Handbook, The—3/6.....E. Arnold
[*A brief encyclopædia for the use of the Protestant Episcopalian laity, containing an explanation of the innovations of the last half century, under such headings as 'Absolution,' 'Apostolic Succession,' 'Bowing in the Creed,' 'Candles,' 'Commination,' etc.*]
T. E. S. T.—The Two Spheres of Truth, 5/- .....Unwin
[*Cheap edition of a book (its former title being 'The Two Kinds of Truth') which attracted considerable attention on its first appearance. It is the work not of a very systematic thinker, but of one who is at least eminently suggestive. This edition is practically a new book. It has undergone a great deal of revision and extension.*]

FICTION.

Allen, G.—The Great Taboo, 2/- .....Chatto & Windus
Anstey, F.—The Travelling Companions, 5/-.....Longmans
Atherton, G. F.—A Question of Time, 3/6 ..... Gay & Bird
Baker, J.—Mark Tillotson, 3 vols., 31/6 .....S. Low
Black, W.—The Magic Ink, and other Tales, 6/-.....S. Low
Braddon, M. E.—The Venetians, a Novel, 3 vols., 31/6 .....Simpkin
Carew, M.—Tom's Trust, 2/- .....S.P.C.K.
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Carpenter, E. J.—A Woman of Shawmut, 5/-.....Osgood
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[*Save for the superabundance of Latin and other quotations, a very readable story of family mystery and complexity. The high-born youths and maidens are romantic in an old-fashioned, sensational style which is distinctly refreshing.*]
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[*Will be noticed later.*]

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